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## THE GREAT DANGER.

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"The great danger to be apprehended was the march of Democracy over the thrones of Europe."—Vide Lord Lansdowne's Speech, March 22nd, 1849.

WHY do the lords fear democracy?—why do the peers tremble at its name as at a phantom? Because it threatens the endurance of the State?—because its principle is unjust?—because its result would be to create iniquitous distinctions, to place one man above another, and to throw all the elements of society into confusion? Not so; it tends to none of these catastrophes, but to others far different, which create alarm among the privileged classes—the self-styled aristocracy of this country, the men who have so long and so shamelessly flourished on the wreck and ruin of their fellow-citizens. Let us inquire what is democracy? What does it lead to? What institutions does it uphold, and what subvert? Who fears it, and why is it feared? Who are its enemies? And, finally, what prospect is there of its ultimate triumph?

First, then, what is Democracy? It is the power of the nation; and means that every man has a right to take part in the framing of those laws which he is required to obey. We have now laws made for the few and laws made for the many. Democracy repudiates this principle: it teaches that as all men were made equal, that as all distinctions are artificial, created by fortune or accident, so all men possess the same natural rights; and that where a privileged class enjoys immunities from the common burdens of humanity, injustice must be committed; for you cannot, in a world where there is just enough for all, give to one more than is his due without taking away from others that which none has a right to deprive them of. In a republic, properly constituted and fairly regulated, every citizen of the commonwealth would be called upon to contribute his just share of the burdens of the State. An equitable distribution of burdens would be accompanied by an equitable distribution of benefits, and no artificial enactments would pass to lift one man above the heads of his fellows. Distinction would be the fruit of merit, riches would reward services, and none would be compelled to support, by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow, a privileged class in power, indolence, and luxury. In a word, the labourer would be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his toil, and not be forced from his poverty to increase the abundance of the idle and the rapacious. Such is the spirit of democracy. It says, let every man enjoy all he honestly gains, whether by the employment of his genius, by the exercise of his learning, by commerce, by the operations of business, or, above all, by the labour of his

\* Democracy means literally the power of the people, being derived from two Greek words *Δημος*, a people, and *Κρατειν*, to rule.

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hands. It takes away no man's rights. It is but the enemy of privilege, which means injustice, for from privilege spring the great proportion of those evils which now afflict mankind. This is democracy—the power of the people in contradiction to the despotism of the few, who frame laws from which they shield themselves, but which they enforce with rigid severity on the humbler, or, as they in their insolence style them, the lower orders of the community.

But every reader who seriously considers the question will at once imagine what would be the state of a society over which equal laws prevailed. We need carry the picture no further. It will suggest itself in all its details to every reflecting mind; and will any one who in sincerity and honesty compares the two forms of government hesitate as to which he will give his preference? None, we venture to say, save those who profit by the iniquitous system, or hope to profit by it, will give his vote to privilege, as opposed to the equal distribution of benefits—benefits which have been given to all humanity, and of which none can be deprived save by a fraud.

What, then, are the institutions which democracy would subvert? Shall we count them, one by one, and hold up each in its hideous deformity to the reader's gaze? That we cannot do; for to what a length would the list extend? The roll of iniquity would make every honest man blush for his country; blush for himself, that he lives in an age, the boasted era of civilisation, in which so many perversions of justice, so much wrong, so much fraud, so much falsehood pass unchallenged. Let us, however, select a few from the vast category of iniquities. First, and most insolent, the law of primogeniture stands before us. Examine it; try it at the tribunal of truth, of common sense, and justice, and then what will be your verdict?

Suppose a vast plain, capable of yielding abundant harvests, lying barren for lack of irrigation. Imagine its broad fields, unbroken by the plough, bearing nought save stunted grass; and covered with ruins and stones, where orchards and crops should flourish. Would not the sight be pitiful? But imagine, if you can, that gigantic masses of ice reared themselves up at intervals over the surface of this vast plain, profitless in their present condition, but only awaiting the genial breath of the sky to melt into floods, to fill the dry beds of rivers, and streams, and lakes, and to cover the whole land with abundance; what would be the thoughts suggested by the spectacle?—and, still more, what would be our thoughts if we knew that those useless ice hills were forbidden by artificial restrictions from melting into bountiful streams. The simile is highly-wrought and fanciful, but it is not the less apt. The law of primogeniture, framed by oppressors, and supported by privilege, acts in precisely the same manner. The wealth of the nation lies for the most part congealed in vast heaps, or, which is still worse, flows away through unprofitable channels—such as luxury, profligacy, and vice. This is severe language; but severe as it is, it is not so harsh and bitter as are the consequences of this disastrous system, which piles to overflowing the coffers of a few wealthy families, and casts adrift a yearly shoal of idle and luxurious men to eat up the energies of the country. We are accused of speaking with violence; but violent words, are they so hurtful to the community as those cruel acts incessantly perpetrated by oligarchy? No; it is not that our language is harsh that offends the partisans of privilege; but because it conveys truth, and truth is never grateful to the ears of those who live and flourish through fraud, who see distinctions where Heaven sees none, who oppose their own will to the eternal laws of nature, and presume to thrust their wisdom in the face of the world, before the wisdom of all other men; in contradiction to truth and honesty, in violation of the principles of justice and humanity.

“What can be more glorious”—say they who advocate the continuance of the present system—“what can be more glorious than to see a country ruled by her ancient families, by men whose blood has descended to them through long lines of ancestors, who possess hereditary means of subsistence, and are likely to transmit their wealth, their titles, and their privileges through ages yet to

come?" Truly these are matters for congratulation; truly they add to the lustre of Great Britain; but, unfortunately, common sense is opposed to such theories, and as the common sense possessed by the people of England is becoming every day more enlightened by knowledge, the question begins to be discussed whether these advantages are sufficient to compensate for the misery of thousands who now live in want and suffering, because, forsooth, their wrongs support the splendour of the aristocracy. The people—the labouring, the industrious people of England, are beginning to reason on this subject; and their reasoning is dangerous to privilege. Misery, destitution, ignorance, crime—whence come they? Where do they take root, if not in privilege? which stains society like a plague-spot; and worse than that, because it wears a brilliant mask. Let those who declaim so complacently on the glories of our aristocratic system strip it of its tinsel drapery, and what will they find it to be? A whitened sepulchre, a Dead Sea apple, which is tempting to the eye; but turns to ashes in the mouth.

What are the fruits of this law of primogeniture? It transmits an undiminished mass of wealth from father to son—it preserves the ancient estates of the kingdom from subdivision; but it also casts adrift upon the country those countless younger sons who fill up the offices of State, without honour to themselves or profit to the nation. Because these men, by the action of an unjust law, do not possess an independence—because their forefathers, out of their wealth, could not bequeath a portion to them, the people, forsooth, must out of their poverty provide them an inheritance. For this reason are sinecures created; for this reason salaries are multiplied and taxes increased. And the country will for ever go on lavishing its riches upon those who perform no duties in return, until this blot upon our legislature be removed.

But will it be removed? No, depend upon it, so long as the aristocracy can by any means retain the privilege which confers power on them—power which they only need for the purpose of oppressing the humbler classes. But there is a power more irresistible even than that of the oligarchy; and that power resides in public opinion. When the voice of all England is lifted against oppression, what other sound is there under heaven that can drown its echoes? The result to be aimed at, therefore, is to enlighten the people—to show them how they are oppressed, who are their oppressors, and what will relieve them from oppression. That end accomplished, the rest will speedily follow, for though a series of disconnected attacks will produce little sensible effect, the brow of privilege, bold and insolent as it is, is not so undaunted that it would not shrink under the gaze of a united and angry nation.

From whatever point of view we regard this subject, it tends towards one centre. Wherever we look and find misery, destitution, ignorance, degradation, and crime; wherever we discover suffering and want, if we trace these things to their beginnings, our ideas will invariably converge to one point, to one common source, and that is privilege. And if we examine the question fairly, this will appear but natural and reasonable. Privilege means the possession by certain individuals of rights which are not enjoyed by all. This is unjust in principle; for, as we have before remarked, the common rights of humanity are sufficient for all men, and we cannot bestow privileges—which mean private laws, or laws made for the benefit of particular individuals—without depriving others of a portion of their moral inheritance. Clearly this is injustice; but what shall we say if we find that privileges are not bestowed for services rendered to the State, but descend through generations from father to son, inalienable, supreme, and incapable of modification.

Let us suppose that which we are far from conceding—namely, that the ancestors of the living peers rendered great services to the State, and were deserving of distinguished rewards, such as titles, immunities, and privileges. Consider that as granted. Let us, then, addressing ourselves to the common sense of the country, inquire whether it is reasonable that the welfare, the prosperity, the honour, the safety of this great nation should be irrevocably and for ever

entrusted to the descendants of those men? They may be noble in character, as they are called noble of blood; but they may also be the vilest of God's creatures. No matter; they are privileged. Be they imbecile, be they depraved or profligate, be they vicious or virtuous, it matters not; they have derived their privileges from their ancestors, and must retain them, the country meanwhile taking its chance of good or evil government.

Will this system stand the test of common sense? If it will, then common sense must be a totally different thing from that which we conceive it to be; and if it will not, why does England, the centre of civilisation, the most powerful, the most glorious country on the face of the earth, continue to harbour in her bosom a principle so utterly opposed to wisdom, humanity, and justice?

To trace all the ramifications of privilege would be to enter on an endless task. But there are some few of its iniquities so glaring that observation cannot pass them by. Among these is the Poor-law, a law made ostensibly to benefit the humble and the distressed, but in reality concocted to shield the wealthy, to protect their vast riches from encroachment—in a word, to force those who possess the least to pay the most. That is the system. No other language can describe it. One example will suffice. Our readers know the general scope of this law. It does not act impartially over the whole kingdom, on the principle that the property of a country should maintain its poverty, but, on the contrary, dividing the empire into minute sections, provides in that way for the immunity of the rich. The wealthy, the titled, the privileged, the slothful, the luxurious, and, consequently, the supporters of injustice, herding together in particular parishes, by that means exclude poverty almost entirely from their neighbourhood, and thus, having few or no paupers within the bounds of their parishes, escape the payment of poor's-rate. What would be the effect of a general poor's-rate levied on the whole nation, and applied to the support of the poor of the whole nation? It would cut up the roots of injustice, and is, therefore, opposed with bitter hostility by those who derive profit from the endurance of the present system.

No privilege, however ancient, can, by any means, or in any time, be converted into a positive right. The antiquity of a crime does not hallow it. I, by fraud, obtain an estate; I hold the unjustly-acquired possession, and my children hold it after me; but when the fraud has been discovered, when the iniquity of the transaction has been exposed in the broad glare of day, will not restitution be made? Precisely so is it with the hereditary privileges of our oligarchy; they are ancient, and are therefore held sacred. But is that just or reasonable? Common sense denies it, but interested sophistry upholds the principle. There is a contest now going on between the two; and the question now is, what form will it assume, and how long will it endure?

When the question of financial reform was lately introduced forcibly to the public attention, great stress was laid on the fact that the oligarchy has for so many years shielded itself from the payment of probate and legacy duty. Nothing could have been pointed out more strikingly illustrative of our assertion that the very men whose resources are the vastest are allowed to enjoy the greatest immunities, whilst those whose capabilities are the least are made to bear the largest share of the burdens of the State. According to the most moderate computation seventy-five millions, but according to others a hundred millions sterling, have thus been poured into the coffers of the aristocracy, who excuse this injustice by declaiming about the pressure on landed property, the drains which carry off the riches of the oligarchy, the enormous channels through which the revenues of the great proprietors are spread over the country. Let not the people be deceived by such statements. They are false, delusive, based entirely on fiction. If the oligarchy has large calls upon its wealth, has it not also vast resources wherewith to meet those calls? And are those riches the accumulated savings of years, the hard earnings of labour, the sweet fruits of toil?



Not so; they have come down to their present possessors from an ancient ancestry, receiving additions by the way as a river increases its volume by the reception of the waters of the various tributaries which pour into it as it rolls towards the sea. But the comparison is not complete, unless we add that some rivers are swollen by the reception of waters intended for irrigation, but which are turned aside by artificial means from their legitimate purposes, and led into the great rivers. Examine the principle of the probate law. It attacks small amounts, but decreases as the sum swells in size, and ceases altogether when it becomes a princely revenue. The same spirit pervaded the minds of those who laid on the legacy duty. The widow, the orphan, or the humble servitor, worn out in the service of his master, receives a small legacy. Part of it must go towards supporting the national burdens. The aristocrat takes possession of an enormous estate, which yields a noble revenue, and extends over a whole district, whilst houses, cultivated lands, forests, and villages dot its broad expanse. But the aristocrat pays nothing into the treasury. He is privileged. Draw a comparison between the two pictures, and ask whether this be justice, whether England be in this respect a model to be copied by the aspiring nations of the world.

It must be remembered that in writing the present article we do not attempt to draw a picture of democracy, its objects, its enemies, and its tendencies. To do so would within our limits be impossible. We seek merely to delineate by a rough sketch a few outlines of the subject, which may induce our readers to reflect on the great question which now promises to lead the van before all others. We seek rather to suggest than to describe; and therefore, having made these few observations on the institutions which democracy would subvert, do not intend them as a summing up of the evils to be contended against, but merely as an instance or two of that system which cannot be otherwise designated than as a fraud practised by privilege upon the humble, the poor, and the oppressed.

Who, then, are the enemies of the democratic principle? Who, then, are they who fear the progress of this great idea? Clearly they who profit by the existing system; the titled, the privileged—those who enjoy wealth which is not their own; those who frame laws, from whose influence they exempt themselves, their children, and their friends—in short, all who live by injustice. The root of the evil is hereditary legislature. The House of Lords is the lazaret-house whence proceed those calamities, that misery, that want, that suffering, that ignorance, that crime, which fester in the bosom of society, and deface its outward aspect. Poverty is a crime, and severely is it punished in England. Democracy recognises the right of all men to share in the fruits of the earth, in riches, honours, and dignities. This principle is odious to aristocracy—and aristocracy is, therefore, the enemy of reform. It fears for its privileges—it hates those who expose it, and seeks, by making use of all the weapons of sophistry, ridicule, and slander, to vilify and expose to contempt the supporters of democracy—to blacken its friends before the face of society, and thus to sweeten its own iniquity for the world.

When the oligarchy is called upon to show what it has done, what great or good things it has achieved, that it should claim hereditary rewards from the country, does it not invariably fail? Are not the people of England well aware that of all the measures for the benefit of the humbler classes which have been passed during the present age, there have not been any which have not either been forced upon the Lords, or have met with their most angry opposition? This is a fact; it cannot be denied; and it will be recorded through history in all future times. Consult the records of the hereditary house. Look back only so far as the session of 1847-48. What was done during that session? Nothing, absolutely nothing; except that one bill was thrown out because it emanated from the spirit of justice and humanity.

If the peers are so conscious of their own worth, if they can, to the satisfaction of the country, prove their right to the dignities and privileges which they

enjoy, why do they entrench themselves behind a barrier of laws almost impassable? But they do not take up their position on the ground of their own virtues and wisdom. It is the wisdom of their forefathers—men who have centuries since mouldered into dust—that they fall back upon; and the labouring and industrious people of England must, forsooth, be content to abide by laws passed in dark and barbarous ages, whose civilisation we have long ago placed among the antiquities of the world; whose inventions are now looked upon as rude, clumsy, and useless; whose arts we consider as belonging to the past, whose knowledge was limited, and whose superstition was overwhelming. We are, then, it seems, to make progress in everything, save law-making. We are to scorn everything belonging to the dark ages, save the enactments then passed—in short, we, with all our civilisation, with all our enlightenment, our improvement, and our enlarged ideas, must consent to be governed by laws based on superstition, framed by despotic and superstitious legislators, and now allowed to exist, to the disgrace of the nation which is subject to them.

If it were said, "Are there to be no distinctions, no dignities, no honours, no rewards of merit?" we should reply, "None that are hereditary." Does a wise father always leave a wise son? Is a virtuous ancestor invariably succeeded by a virtuous descendant? Has chance nothing to do with it? Assuredly none will be found to deny that the posterity of a peer now created may be vicious, worthless, or imbecile. And if this be the case, then we say it is wise—is it prudent—is it honourable—is it, indeed, compatible with common sense to allow chance to rule us in a matter of such vital importance as the government of this great nation? The welfare, the happiness of millions of people, should they be committed like a vessel to the waves of the sea, without helm or pilot? Yet so it is. Our House of Peers may be the receptacle of the wisest, the most virtuous, the most exalted minds in the land, or it may be a haunt of the lowest, the meanest, the most profligate, the most depraved, the most imbecile of all men. It is purely a matter of chance, and chance, therefore, is what the thirty millions of Great Britain have to trust to. Truly an enviable degree of civilisation!

If a man's actions were his dignities; if his worth were his nobility; if his title-deeds to the honour of posterity were written in the page of history, and not on musty parchment, how many are there in the present House of Peers who would any longer enjoy the respect of the country? To answer this question would be an unpleasant task; for, most assuredly, we could name many among those men whose parchments proclaim them noble with whom an honest man would think it derogatory to consort. But if ability were the test, then indeed would the House of Lords be thinned, supposing that we purged it of ignorance, imbecility, and superstition. The country is beginning to feel this, and no men are more painfully aware of the facts than the illustrious peers themselves; conscious of their own inferiority, their own injustice, and the many crimes against humanity of which history proves them guilty, they tremble at the name of democracy, in the fear that the same common sense which inquires into their worth may also inquire into the possibility of getting rid altogether of these relics of a barbarous age. We speak plainly, but it will no longer do to speak otherwise. The same meaning might be conveyed in less explicit language; but where our task is to unmask folly and fraud, is there advantage in gentle phraseology?

But we cannot better answer the inquiry, "Who are the enemies of democracy?" than by repeating what we started with, and saying: "They are the enemies of democracy who profit by its opposing principle, which is injustice."

What prospect is there, then, of the ultimate triumph of this great idea? If we could set a limit to the existence of ignorance, folly, and superstition, we should be able with a certain degree of exactness to answer that inquiry. But unfortunately enlightenment progresses slowly, and the number of those decreases with little rapidity who, professedly liberal, employ that cant of moderation which is so sickening that we prefer the genuine and hearty adherents of

privilege to the wretched, and we may almost call them cowardly laggards, who hang in the rear of the liberal cause, and clog it and impede its progress by their stupid weight. Nevertheless, in spite of the hostility of its enemies, the rashness of its friends, and the miserable vacillation of those who are neither one nor the other, the cause of democracy is advancing every day. We have already pointed out what is its position and what are its prospects among the Continental nations, so that the present observations may apply principally to Great Britain. Those who observe the notions which are springing up among the industrious classes will perceive that a dim idea of democracy often pervades the mind of the mechanic and the labourer, whose ignorance prevents it from acquiring a definite shape. Gradually, too, the superstitious idolatry of rank is dying out; titles are beginning to be valued at what they are worth, and peers and their parasites are looked upon as men, and often very inferior men, possessing no right to privileges, living on injustice, and flourishing through the misery of their fellow creatures. We are not among those who would level all society to a plane, and abolish all distinctions of position in the social commonwealth. But we would level all artificial distinctions; we would abolish all partial laws, and compel all men to contribute their just share towards the burdens of the State—that is, we would force them to pay who can and should pay, and protect the poor, the weak, the suffering from the oppression of the titled. At the same time, whatever any man can by industry, by the exercise of his ability, or by the faithful service of his country, amass, it is just he should enjoy it; but it is not just that his children for ages to come should be allowed to riot in luxury, profligacy, and idleness, whilst those who are their superiors in ability, knowledge, and honesty suffer from the endurance of the vile system.

It would appear reasonable if those who supported the glory, the prosperity the position of the country, should enjoy its gratitude, and share in the rewards it has to bestow. But who are they? Are they the lazy, the imbecile, the privileged? Assuredly not. They are the toiling millions, and those who guide their energies and enlighten their minds. They it is who confer lustre on the land, who make the name of England honourable, who lead the van of civilisation. They it is also who are despised, trodden down, and oppressed; they enrich the country, and themselves eat the bread of poverty; and it is to place them in their right position, to force a recognition of the common rights of humanity, that we appeal to the world on behalf of the principle of democracy. Its triumph may not be near, but it will surely come, and the question is in what manner, and after what lapse of time?

The position we maintain is this: that democracy and oligarchy represent justice and iniquity; that in the ranks of the first are found industry, ability, knowledge, worth; but at the same time, misery, ignorance, and crime, which are the fruits of privilege. On the other hand stand arrayed oppression, luxury, idleness, and too often profligacy and vice; a blind apathy which cares not for the sufferings of others—an insolent arrogance, which defends its own injustice, and seeks shelter behind falsehood; an unconquerable cupidity, which would devour the widow's mite, the orphan's portion, and snatch the bread from the labourer's mouth. This is oligarchy, contrasted with the principle of popular government; for whatever may be said, however democracy may be ridiculed or held up as an object of scorn to those very classes who would benefit by its triumph, it means neither more nor less than this: that all men were made equal in the beginning; that all men, therefore, have the same natural rights, and that none should enjoy more than virtue or industry can achieve for him. Oligarchy robs the poor, democracy protects them and rescues them from misery; oligarchy defends itself by fraud and falsehood, democracy is based on truth, and therefore shrinks from no scrutiny; democracy suffers every man to enjoy the fruits of his labour; oligarchy takes away from the industrious to fatten the idle, from the humble to gild the proud, from the poor to aggrandise the wealthy, from the honest to encourage the corrupt, from the labouring millions

to pamper the indolent few, the titled cormorants whose imbecility is a blot on our boasted civilisation. Such is democracy, such are its objects, such its enemies, and such its prospects of success. Well, therefore, might Lord Lansdowne bewail the danger of the march of this great and just principle over the despotic thrones of Europe.

## LAYS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

By FANNY E. LACY.

### No. 9.—QUEEN KATHERINE.

KATHERINE. (*Awaking.*) "Spirits of peace! where are ye?

Saw ye not even now a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?  
They promised me eternal happiness."

"Remember me in all humility unto his highness:  
Tell him in death I blessed him."

"When I am dead, good wench,  
Let me be used with honour: strew me over  
With maiden flowers; that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave."

*King Henry VIII. Act 4th, Scene 2nd.*

Oh, my kind watchers! I have had a dream,  
Brighter than aught on earth of earthly beam:  
And though this frame of dust shall soon decay,  
I die not, friends—I do but pass away;  
In rainbow light of tears and smiles to move—  
Bright smiles of pardon, tears of celestial love;  
As soaring unto God's eternal sheen,  
Above vain glories of an earthly queen.

"Good wench," forget not that my royal name  
Of earth's probation ne'er knew taint of shame:  
Honour my dust as shall befit a queen,  
Proudly proclaiming what my life hath been:  
And still with maiden flowers my grave bestrew,  
As tribute to my spotless memory due;  
And say I hover'd on seraphic wing,  
In peace with all, and bless'd my lord the king.

Farewell—my spirit in its gentle flight  
On life looks back, and bids the world good night;  
All there is dark—but, oh! what glorious ray,  
Wakes my wrapt sense unto a deathless day,  
In Heaven's high courts, where I shall find again  
All of earth's treasures that we still retain:  
Faith, patience, pious hope, and charity,  
Gems in my crown of immortality!

## WOMAN'S WIT.

By WM. HEARD HILLYARD.

"I TELL you what, Lucy, my dear; it's no use fretting yourself about the matter any longer. My mind's made up on the subject, and there's an end!" observed Mr. Travers, with dogmatical emphasis, to a previous remark of his wife's, who sat opposite to him by the side of a bright fire on a winter's evening, in their comfortable parlour at Clapham.

"But my dear Thomas, only hear reason," replied his consort, soothingly.

"I have heard reason enough, and I have a reason for hearing no more;" rejoined the testy husband, as he poked the fire violently with one hand, and with a small pair of tongs selected sundry knubbles of fuel from out of a coal-scuttle by his side, with the other placing the black masses with methodical precision on various portions of the fire, and with interested minuteness inserting choice fragments between the polished bars. "What's settled, settled," resumed Mr. Travers, as he inveigled another piece of coal into a fissure of the glowing crater—"and there's an end," he concluded, with sententious purpose.

But Mr. Travers was never more woefully mistaken in his life than when he believed there was an end to the argument; for he either forgot at the instant that he had a wife, or overlooked in his self-complacency the pertinacity with which a wife can maintain her point when she has set her heart upon compassing some cherished object. Or possibly, like many a wiser man, Mr. Travers overrated his own ability, influence, or probably, his physical endurance to withstand the repeated assaults of a domestic battery, when delivered with all the eloquence of conviction, and the pertinacity of a resolute woman's tongue.

"Really, dear Thomas," resumed Mrs. Travers, returning to the charge, "You ought to re-consider the subject. Everybody will expect it from a man of your good sense and judgment."

"Hah!" slowly ejaculated dear Thomas, with a sighing prolongation, as he too well knew what such amicable preliminaries were likely to lead to, and felt certain that this home-thrust flattery boded a long and determined siege.

"I am sure there is no occasion to sigh at the good opinion the world entertains of your prudence and forethought; I am sure I have fifty times complimented you on your good sense."

"I believe you have, my dear," replied her husband, dragging a refractory bit of coal from the bars, and placing it on the top of the fire; "oftener, for what I know. Indeed, you always do, when you have any point to gain."

"How unkind of you, Thomas. Point to gain! I should like to know what point a wife can have to gain that doesn't affect her husband more than herself? I am sure I speak for your credit more than my own. I never ask you for anything for myself. My clothes, I declare, are barely decent for a person in our sphere of life."

"I am sure I don't know, but it occurred to me that our haterdasher's bill at Christmas was a pretty tidy one. And those two shawls last week at ten guineas a-piece, and the new——"

"There you are, going into items again; you know how I detest items," cried Mrs. Travers, petulantly interrupting her husband in his quiet enumeration.

"So do I, my dear, especially when they run into a long sum total."

"You wouldn't have your wife and daughter disgrace you by going out in rags?"

"Certainly not; but there's a very great difference between rags, new bonnets, and ten-guinea shawls."



"There, there, there's no arguing with you! You men are all alike; there is no convincing you of what is proper and becoming for a woman to wear. But let us drop that subject," continued the affectionate wife, changing the slight acerbity of her manner, and mollifying her voice to its former seductive tone; "and as I was saying, dear Thomas, do not outrage your judgment and good sense by sacrificing our sweet Emily to such a person as the man you propose. Think what excellent opportunities she has of allying herself to some of the first gentlemen's families; there are no less than six eligible offers that I know of."

"Ha! indeed," remarked her husband, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows, as he raised with his tongs a large piece of cinder from the fender to the fire.

"Yes, indeed," continued Mrs. Travers, growing voluble, and gaining courage from her husband's passive manner. "There is first, the Honourable Captain Weymouth, of the Guards——"

"He has changed the service, my dear, and joined the Fleet yesterday," added her spouse, with a suppressed chuckle at his own humour.

"Dear me! gone to sea. What a pity. Well, then there is Mr. Bracebridge, Mr. Clifford, and Lieutenant Hawksbury."

"All three legs," parenthetically remarked Mr. Travers.

"Then there is Sir Charles Craven and Mr. Beauclerk," continued the wife, not regarding her husband's comment, "two gentlemen of fashion, who would throw themselves at her feet instantly, and take her off our hands at once."

"I perfectly agree with you; your penetration does you credit," replied her husband.

"I thought you would think as I do, when you gave it a second thought," added Mrs. Travers, her face beaming with pleasure.

"I had no second thoughts on the matter; I thought so all along."

"Oh, that's a dear! you always do act like a kind, good, sensible creature, as you are. Then shall I send for him, love?" she inquired, with coaxing blandness, as she drew a small desk towards her.

"Send for who?" demanded her husband, abruptly."

"Why, for Sir Charles Craven," replied his wife.

"Send for the devil!" cried Mr. Travers, petulantly, digging his tongs into the very bowels of the fire, and raking it up with fury. "What do you want with that young puppy here?"

"Why, did you not say—or you implied it, and that's as good as saying it—that I might send for him? You know he has offered his hand to dear Emily, and he is the only man she really loves."

"No—I said no such thing."

"You meant as much," persisted his wife.

"No such thing; I didn't. Marry my daughter to that young spendthrift, pooh! pooh! absurd. Did I not say the thing was decided, and there was an end of it? She shall marry Mr. Scroggins,—that's decided!"

"You'll break your child's heart, you will," sobbed Mrs. Travers.

"Pshaw! it's anatomically absurd; hearts are not so brittle. She shall be Mrs. Charles Scroggins, I tell you."

"Destroy her happiness for life—make me miserable for the rest of my existence, and bring us both to the grave before our time," replied Mrs. Travers, between the fits of her tears, and sobbing behind her handkerchief. "But what do you care? you cannot enter into a woman's feelings; and wouldn't mind if the whole world was dead at your feet, so you had your own selfish enjoyments."

"No, I am not selfish, and I do everything in reason to oblige you," added the husband, more mildly.

"Yes, everything that I don't want. But you are all alike, perfect brutes, where your poor wives' feelings are concerned. You have no more regard for me than if I was so much dirt under your feet; and Heaven knows I have toiled, and slaved, and worked to make you happy, and your home comfortable; and this is all my reward, to see my child sacrificed before my face, and I must

not be allowed to speak,—to see my dear angel in her coffin, as I know I shall."

"The person I have selected for her husband is a man of honour and probity; the one you would have is a beggar with an empty title," replied Mr. Travers, resuming his tongs, and re-adjusting the fire.

"Marry her to a clerk, your own servant, whose only qualifications are industry, and the dog's attribute of honesty?"

"Titles better than a peerage—two of man's noblest qualities."

"As if you hadn't money enough to give with your daughter to counteract the present want of fortune in Sir Charles," rejoined his wife, disregarding her husband's last remark. "Mr. Travers, will you let that fire alone?" she suddenly exclaimed, in a sharp, angry voice, piqued beyond endurance by his calm indifference to her tears and arguments. For goodness' sake put down those tongs, unless you wish to drive me mad; you are enough to fidget my life out."

"Very well, my dear, I have just done," replied the apathetic husband, as he picked up a few stray pieces of coal, and patted down the fire.

"Once for all, Mr. Travers, I wish to know, before I leave you, what is your definitive intention with regard to Emily?" continued the lady, rising from her seat, and darting withering glances on her unmoved spouse.

"What I have before told you, my love; marry her to Mr. Scroggins."

"Oh, very well, sir," cried his wife, with an hysterical laugh,—“very well, you will do as you please."

"So I certainly shall, my dear."

"Don't dear me, sir; there's no occasion to insult me."

"None in the least."

"Nor to show your ill-temper, Mr. Travers."

"None whatever," was the laconic reply.

"Your indifference shocks me; I didn't believe your nature was so hardened, or that you could take a brutal pleasure in insulting your wife in this unmanly manner. Don't come here, Emily," she cried abruptly, as a beautiful girl of eighteen entered the room; "we might as well plead to the winds, as to such an obdurate and hard-hearted man;" and crossing the floor she took her daughter's hand, and conducted her to the door. "Come with me, child, I am the only being who can feel for you, or sympathise with you;" then, turning to her husband, she added, "I will not forget your conduct, Mr. Travers, depend upon it—I will be even with you yet; I will not be brow-beat and insulted for nothing—the time may come when you will repent it. Come along, love, to my room," she concluded, in an under tone to her daughter; "I'll be revenged on him yet; and we'll try what cunning can do against *obstinacy*," and giving a loud emphasis to the last word, Mrs. Travers led her daughter from the room, slamming the door with a very unladylike impetus as she departed.

When his wife had left the apartment, Mr. Travers very quietly drew his arm-chair in front of the grate, and placing a foot on either hob, began to feed and trim the fire with his convenient tongs, saying to himself, as he rang the bell, and ordered his hookah and spirits and water, "Nothing like resolution and calmness, when you have to deal with a woman!—Ah! that's right," he added, as a servant placed the pipe and adjuncts he had ordered on a small table by his side. "Now that I have satisfactorily settled that business I will enjoy myself. Some men, now, would have been fools," he proceeded, as he stirred his brandy-and-water, "and have got into a passion—a very bad plan," he soliloquised, as he took a gulp of his hot grog; "and some would have been stupid enough to have yielded at the sight of tears," he continued, lighting his meerschaum. "A very spongy trick that. No, there's no better plan than phlegmatic indifference," and blowing away the wreathing smoke from about his head, the satisfied husband took another imbibition from the steaming glass, that kept up a low chant at his elbow, and fell back complacently in his chair, muttering in the plenitude of his calm satisfaction, "Yes, I have fully settled that matter; this day week she marries honest Charley Scroggins,—that's settled!"

But Mr. Travers, clever as he was, and shrewd as he thought himself, was very much mistaken. The business was not fully settled—he merely fancied so; and as there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, so there is many a disaster between a resolution and an act. And as a battle is never lost till it is won, so a resolution is nothing till clenched by the hammer of accomplishment. Now, though Mr. Travers was a very sagacious man, Mrs. Travers was nevertheless a very sagacious woman; and I question much, when this quality is shared equally by man and wife, whether the lady's scale of the balance does not prove the heavier, especially when she is put upon her mettle, as in the case of Mrs. Travers. She had hitherto tried persuasion, blandishment, indignation, and tears, to carry her point, and as far as we have seen, without producing on her callous husband the desired effect. She had been repulsed on every charge, and, to appearance, had retreated discomfited and in anger; while the besieged, retiring into the complacency of his own intrenchments, believed the war at an end, and gave himself no further trouble on the matter; satisfied in his assumed victory.

But Mrs. Travers, though repulsed, was not beaten, but merely retired for the vantage of inspecting her resources, and concentrating her energies. And while her husband was dreaming of peace, she was, aided by the woman's wit of her daughter, planning new tactics and plotting a new campaign. But as the nicer finesses and ambuscades of war are never perceived but in the general effect, I must allow Mrs. Travers to manœuvre her forces in secret, and see how far she bears out my position by the *denouement* of the sequel.

"Sun or rain, well or ill, she shall be married this day week!" positively asserted Mr. Travers, as he dropped his head with an energetic thump on the pillow, and drew the bed-clothes determinedly over his shoulder, upon the night in question, to a last sally of his wife, as she put out the candle, and got into bed. Four days later, Mr. Travers sat in a well-padded arm-chair, by a comfortable fire, with his feet and legs swathed in numerous convolutions of flannel rolls, and his swollen members resting on a soft-cushioned inclined plane; suffering all the irritating agony of a sharp fit of the gout, every now and then venting deep execrations on the malady, and bemoaning his misfortune in being laid up with a periodical three weeks' torture; at a time, too, when he was so particularly anxious to be able in person to welcome his friends, and superintend his daughter's nuptials.

Now it must be remarked that this calamity, under which he was so impatiently groaning, was mainly the result of his own indiscretion, and partly the effect of an accident, which I shall record in due season.

Now, Mrs. Travers, with the just appreciation and proper spirit of an injured woman, felt that as a wife, she could not, for some time at least, hold amicable converse with her other half, after the heartless conduct he had lately evinced towards her daughter and herself; and she therefore very properly confined herself to her own apartment and the company of her devoted child, to enjoy in affection the few moments left to them, before the tyranny of her father consigned her to misery for life. But with the forgiving and amiable weakness of the woman, Mrs. Travers could not bear that her husband—for though he was a brute, he was still her husband—should sit moping by himself; and therefore contrived, unknown to him—for she would not on any account show a feeling—to induce a few of her husband's boon companions to drop in, as it were casually, every evening, to keep the poor creature company. Mr. Travers was of a very hospitable disposition, and welcomed his friends with right good will, and he found their company so agreeable and their hilarity so infectious, that to do the honours of his table more liberally he was induced himself to take a much larger quantity of his favourite beverage than customary. The consequence was, that after the third night's carouse, his blood became heated, and his system slightly deranged, and as he rose on the fourth morning, with an indurated tongue, a thirsty stomach, and a splitting headache, his wife had the misfortune to upset an ewer-ful of icy water over his bare legs and tender feet. This trifling accident,

joined to his potations of the previous days, as a very natural result, led to an immediate attack of his familiar enemy, the gout—for which, as his wife very meekly remarked, in one of his bursts of pain and anger, “he had nobody to thank but himself, and that he might consider it a judgment for his cruel conduct.” This sensible remark of Mrs. Travers, far from acting as a consolatory sedative, had quite a contrary effect; and Mr. Travers vowed, that though the confounded gout might keep him at home, and prevent his giving away his daughter to worthy Scroggins, yet he would depute his authority on the occasion to his trusty friend, Simpkins, and that she should be married nevertheless on the day appointed.

But trouble and vexation never come single-handed in this world, and so Mr. Travers found; for on the morning preceding the day of marriage, his friend Simpkins, who had cheerfully undertaken the duties of father in the invalided state of his trusty associate, called to inform him that he had that moment received a letter from his dear wife, at Brighton, which declared her health in so precarious a state that, as he valued her happiness and peace of mind, he would lose no time in flying to his sinking wife, and take her last instructions about the beloved children, so soon to become helpless orphans. But with the consideration of a mother, and the kindness of a woman, she suggested that Mr. Masterman, their mutual friend, would act the part of father to dear Emily; and concluded her melancholy letter by wishing her that happiness she should not herself be permitted to witness. It is needless to add that Mr. Simpkins was immediately absolved of his promise, and wringing his friend's gouty hand with more affection than tenderness, Mr. S. rushed from the room—threw himself into the first cab he met—dashed up to the Elephant and Castle, and by five o'clock in the evening was safely landed at Brighton, where we must be permitted to leave him.

Mr. Travers also received a letter from Scroggins, regretting that he could not dine with him that day as agreed upon, as he had heard of the death of an acquaintance at Maldon, and he must be present at the reading of the will, but should return by the night mail; that he had arranged everything for the following morning, and according to Mrs. Travers' suggestion, he should meet his bride, with his friends, at the church door, by half-past ten exactly.

Irritated by this double disappointment, Mr. Travers, with very ill-concealed chagrin, desired his wife to write an invitation to dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Masterman; which with an assumed complacency, and a cutting remark on his obstinacy, in not seeing how the hand of Providence itself was endeavouring to save his child from such an odious match, she at length complied with, saying, as she quitted the room, “That at all events she would have the sympathy of her dear friend, Mrs. Masterman, to console her for a few hours under the affliction that was dragging her to the grave!”

It so happened that Mr. Masterman, though a frequent visitor at Mr. Travers' table, had never met his friend's confidential clerk, for Mr. Travers, though a merchant of large business, took but very little part in the mercantile affairs; leaving the responsibility of the establishment on the shoulders of the worthy Mr. Scroggins, who, upon his marriage with his daughter, he had intended to install in the entire concern, having himself amassed an ample fortune some years ago to retire upon. But Masterman's not knowing Scroggins personally was of no consequence; the bride did, and the bridesmaids—all daughters of his friends—did so also; and he would be there punctually at half-past ten, at the church door, to meet them.

“And all you have got to do, Masterman,” said Mr. Travers, concluding a previous speech, as the two friends sat cozily over their dessert and Madeira, “is merely to give Emily away, and come back with the party to luncheon.”

“My dear Travers, I will do it with pleasure,” replied Masterman, as he shut one eye, and looked with a microscopic glance through the glass of amber-coloured wine that he held up to the light. “Never fear, I will go through the ceremony as if she were my own child.”

"As for those women, when they set their minds on a thing it's no easy matter to turn them from their purpose. There's my wife, obstinate you know, and self-willed, can't see the advantage of this marriage; but I have perfectly conquered her at last. She begins now to see that I am right, but does not like to acknowledge it, and merely keeps up a show of opposition for her credit-sake. Yes, yes, I have put an end effectually to all opposition."

"Ah! you are a shrewd fellow, Travers. I'll be hanged if I can manage mine so. When she's determined on a thing, there's no use holding out—she will have it, and though I do resist for a time, I don't know how it is, she always manages in the end to get over my objection, and carry her point."

"You must be a little more despotic, Bob," replied Mr. Travers, sipping his wine, with a self-laudatory smile.

"So I am at times, then she cries," remarked the confiding friend.

"So does mine," briefly observed the other.

"Then calls me a brute, and that I never allow her anything she wants."

"Oh! exactly, so does mine."

"Goes away angry, and as ill-tempered as possible."

"Precisely. Just the way of them all. There's a regular system in it, Bob; and whether they take the art by Nature or their mothers instil it into them, I know not, but it is marvellous how much they resemble one another in their manœuvrings; but as I said before, I have put an end to mine."

"But how did you manage?" inquired the afflicted spouse, filling his glass, and taking a supply of walnuts.

"I'll tell you the secret, Bob."

"Do, do, pray do!" eagerly responded Masterman.

"Calm indifference. Don't answer them, that's the way I broke my wife."

"And I'll break mine so, too," cried his friend emphatically, as he cracked the shell of a walnut; "at all events," he added, correctingly, "I'll try it."

It must not be supposed that either Mrs. Travers or Mrs. Masterman were witnesses of this conjugal dialogue; or had they, that female nature could have remained passive under such gross slander and calumny. No, these injured and maligned ladies had retired with Emily immediately after dinner, and were sitting in very earnest conversation round a bright fire in the former lady's dressing-room; but as this is a sacred and tabooed spot, we will not presume to enter; for what have we to do with the motherly and private conversation of the two matrons, or the artless prattle of the innocent bride?—or what do we know, further than the sum total, of blond, lutestring, tulle, silk stockings, gloves, ribbons, and the thousand-and-one items that constitute a full-dressed lady, or the *materiel* of a young bride? Certainly, nothing whatever; therefore, reader, I shall not conduct you to this pure shrine, to this mingling of woman's sympathies, but leave you in miserable ignorance of all the sweet things said—the tender cares suggested—nor let you even surmise how dear Emily received her first lesson in the science of domestic government; no, nor even let you peep through the keyhole to see how she received her strict injunctions, but merely inform you, that when the clock struck ten, the hackney coach called for Mr. and Mrs. Masterman, and after an affectionate good night, and a repeated assurance of being with them early in the morning, the friends departed.

Emily, having affectionately kissed her father and mother, took up her bedroom candle, and with a "Good night, dear father," left the apartment; while Mrs. Travers, overcome by her feelings, sank into a chair, and gave way to a flood of silent but copious tears.

"Why, what on earth are you crying for now?" demanded her husband, as he drew his watch out of his pocket with considerable pain and difficulty.

"Can you have the heart to ask me?" sobbed his wife.

"I thought you had given up all this nonsense! Here, wind up my watch, and don't be a fool."

"A fool, indeed!" cried Mrs. Travers, indignantly, as she inserted the key into



the watch, and winding it with agitated fingers broke the spring in her excitement. "Fool! There now, you have made me break the spring," she added, angrily.

"Confound it! Why were you not more careful?" replied her husband, petulantly.

"Why do you insult me so? That poor dear child looks as pale as death; I shouldn't be surprised if the struggle she undergoes doesn't kill her. But I have done; I'll speak no more, let her death lie at your door, I wash my hand of the guilt. I'll never speak of it again."

"That's a good soul. Now call John and the groom to help me up stairs," rejoined Mr. Travers, in the blandest accents.

As soon as her husband was fairly in bed, and the servants had all retired, Mrs. Travers, who always made it a practice of going over the house the last thing to see all safe, re-entered the parlour, and opening the glass front of the time-piece, surreptitiously moved the hands one hour forward, and having performed the same office to the kitchen and lobby clocks, with a very benign and satisfied countenance proceeded to her daughter's chamber, and correcting their two watches by the new house time, kissed her child, and adjourned to the room of her sleeping husband.

All was stir and bustle at an early hour the following morning in the usually quiet villa at Clapham. Breakfast was spread, and all the friends who were to go with the bride to church collected round the well-assorted table.

Mr. Travers received a hasty note from Scroggins to intimate his return to town, the particulars of which he would recount when they met, and that he should be punctual at half-past ten at the church door.

Neither Emily nor her mother tasted anything at the morning meal; there was a calm resignation on the latter's face, and a nervous restlessness in the manner of the bride, very natural to the occasion; but nothing of that mortal tendency to which her mother's fears had so ominously alluded. Exactly at a quarter to ten, two respectable carriages drove up to the door to convey the parties to church. Mrs. Travers, who could not see her child immolated, remained at home. Emily having kissed her parents, was conducted by her sponsor to the coach; the seats were taken by the rest of the party, and away rolled the vehicles to the hymeneal temple.

Mr. Travers blew his nose very energetically when they were gone, and fidgetted very much in his chair to reach his favourite tongs, that he might amuse himself by adjusting the fire, but having failed in all his efforts, had again recourse to his handkerchief; while his wife hastened up stairs to the seclusion of her chamber, where, unobserved, she might pour out the sincere tears of a fond true mother.

Half-an-hour later the carriages dashed up to the villa, the company passed out and entered the hall, where the young wife was met by her mother; who, as she scanned her daughter's happy face, almost choked by tears and joy, folded her to her heart. The next instant the room door was thrown open, and Mr. Masterman entered with a radiant countenance, and going up to his friend, slapped him heartily on the back, exclaiming, "It's all done, my boy. They are married safe and sound—it all went off admirably—here's the happy fellow." And as he spoke, the young husband led his beautiful wife to her father's chair; and with a modest but embarrassed air, bowed respectfully to his father-in-law; while Emily, throwing her arms round her parent's neck, said "Dear father, don't be angry."

"Why—why—what the devil's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Mr. Travers, staring with open mouth at the bridegroom, whose terrible misgivings shot through his mind. "Where's Scroggins?—and who are you, sir?"

"Sir Charles Craven, and that lady's husband," replied the person interrogated, with a courteous bow.

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Masterman.

"The matter," roared Travers. "It's the wrong man. The matter?—why I

am jilted—fooled—made an ass of! That's not the man, I tell you. Oh! where's that confounded wife of mine? I believe it's all a trick. Didn't I tell you?" he cried, addressing his amazed friend.

"Yes," replied Masterman, "You said snuff-coloured coat, buff waistcoat, five feet ten, short sandy hair, and this is precisely the dress," and he appealed to the portraiture before him.

"Nay, sir, pardon this innocent deception," said Sir Charles, as he threw off the scratch wig, and allowed his long hair to fall over his handsome forehead. "I have long loved your daughter, and the only objection you could have urged, it is now in my power to set aside. The death of a relative last night has put me into the possession of five thousand a-year, and if you will only consider your daughter's happiness, and pardon this offence, the whole duty of my life shall be to show my gratitude and sincere affection for your daughter."

"Come, dear, dear Thomas, forgive them," cried Mrs. Travers, as she crept unperceived behind her husband's chair, and twining her arms round his neck affectionately kissed him, "Accidents, you know, will happen, and let us make the best of it."

"Accidents, you confounded hussey, get away from me you, deceitful jade—pretty accident, truly. What have you done with Scroggins?"

"I don't know, father," murmured Emily. "He was not at church, and I could not come away unmarried when there was one so much resembling him, and who I liked so much better."

"I am regularly swindled," groaned her father. "And you have connived at it, Masterman."

"Upon my life I didn't; ask my wife. It was the same name, too—Charles, and how was I to know it was a different person?"

"Where's Mr. Travers?" cried a small sharp voice, as Mr. Scroggins bustled into the room, dressed precisely like Sir Charles. "Mr. Travers, I have been made a fool of—your daughter's married—a regular fool."

"Ah! and so have I," sighed Travers.

"I found the church locked up, and when I inquired, they told me Miss Emily had been married an hour ago."

"Why did you not keep your time, then, and not let another man steal your wife through your idleness?" was the uncourteous answer.

"I was punctual to exactly half-past ten, and it is now eleven," cried the discomfited Scroggins, appealing to his watch.

"Absurd! it's twelve o'clock, sir," said Travers, peevishly, as he pointed to the time-piece on the chimney.

"Exactly twelve," responded Masterman, taking out his patent lever.

"To a minute," added Sir Charles, and mother and daughter in a breath, severally referring to their watches.

"I am surprised at you, Mr. Scroggins," cried Mrs. Travers, as she darted an intelligent and satisfactory glance at her friend, Mrs. Masterman.

"My good fellow," remarked Mr. Masterman, as poor Scroggins gazed with bewildered inquiry on his watch. "The next time you get married, be more particular as to the condition of your time-piece. Come, come, Travers, shake hands with Sir Charles, and make friends with all, there's no help for it. What's done is done."

"Ah! my own words. I am done, Bob—regularly bit—I see it all, so I suppose, like testy fathers on the stage, I must do the generous, and say 'God bless you!' There's my hand, Sir Charles."

"Now I'll never contradict you again, as long as you live, dear Thomas," caressingly added his wife, "Now you're a dear love, I'll never ask you for anything more."

"Ay, ay, well that will do; you have made an ass of me; go away, go away."

It is needless to add that the forgiveness was at length complete; Mr. Scroggins rendered contented by the resignation of the business into his hands; and the lovers in their mutual enjoyment made completely happy.

It was some time, however, and not till Mr. Travers was fondling his grandson on his knees, that his affectionate wife ventured upon confiding to his ears all the little wheels and nice finesses by which she contrived to carry her point to the consummation of her daughter's happiness and her own wishes.

But as the reader can no doubt unravel all the evidences of female art employed in this desirable accomplishment without a clue, I shall conclude with the final paragraph of Mrs. Travers' speech to her husband on the occasion:—

"And now, my dear, obstinate as you are, and clever as all men are in their own opinion; for all your knowledge and your boasted wisdom, none of you have any chance against a wife's ingenuity, or a woman's wit."

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## IT IS SWEET TO BE KIND.

By E. MARIA B. WILLOUGHBYE.

It is sweet to be kind; for this world hath its sorrows—  
Its seasons of trial—its faults—and its wrongs,  
And most of the bliss that humanity borrows  
To brighten this life, unto kindness belongs.  
What a desolate world, if in moments distressing,  
No sympathy offered a balm to impart!  
But when Pity comes—as the Angel of Blessing—  
How joy lights the vision, and gladdens the heart!

It is sweet to be kind; for, in scenes that are trying,  
The worthy are striving in vain with desires;  
How sweet when the lone lamp of Genius is dying—  
To breathe on it kindly—and waken its fires.  
When half-broken hearts find a dark night of sorrow,  
And nothing on earth—but a desolate plain—  
How welcome the smile, that, like beams of the morrow,  
Gives light unto life, and a gladness again!

It is sweet to be kind; for the heart in bestowing  
Its bliss on another—much sweetens its own.  
How pure is the joy when the bosom is glowing,  
With feelings that wake but with kindness alone!  
Indeed it would seem as though Heaven were telling—  
That *kindness* and *pleasure* together must blend—  
That man may illumine the home of his dwelling  
With kindness and hope, and the bliss of a friend.

Oh! let but the soul—with a deep tone of feeling—  
Go forth in the world, and its changes behold—  
Go, look on the troubles each day is revealing,  
The hearts that are breaking with sorrows untold:  
Go, gaze on the many that struggle through sadness—  
The worthy in spirit—the noble in mind—  
Go, see how a kindness enlivens with gladness,  
And then thou shalt *feel* it is sweet to be kind.

## A DAY IN BADAJOS,

AT THE BREAKING OUT OF THE CARLIST WAR.

By CAPTAIN A. J. HIPPISELEY.

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"There were trampling sounds of many feet,  
And music rush'd through the crowded street."

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ERE the grey mist of approaching day had dispersed from the vast plains of the Guadiana, which flows beneath the arches of the ancient Roman bridge leading to the city of Badajos, and whilst the sound of the matin bell, as also the more lively strains of the fifes, drums, and bugles of the garrison announcing the *reviellé*, the booming of heavy guns and the right merry peals from the bells of the several churches, convents, and monasteries, yet lingered on the ear, the Spanish standard was hoisted on the citadel and public edifices, *vivas* rent the air, and heralds from the civic and military authorities proclaimed the natal day of the then infant queen, Donna Isabella Secunda. Thus was ushered in the 10th of October, 1834.

Although so early in the morning, the streets of Badajos were thronged with a dense multitude of the most motley description, consisting of priests, burghers, market people, and peasantry, from the adjacent villages, all of whom were making their way to the *Parada*, to which place were also marching with due military precision the regiments of the garrison, where they formed close columns of squadrons and battalions, when mass was performed, a hymn sung in honour of the day, and the host borne in state to the cathedral—*Te Deums* were also chanted at the different churches. After divine service the troops were dismissed to their respective quarters to prepare for other duties and forthcoming festivities, the lookers-on also returned to their especial abiding places for the like purpose, and brief was the sojourn of the military, who were again summoned to parade, for a general inspection and guard-mounting.

It was precisely seven o'clock when the various corps returned to their place of assembly, where they formed a hollow square, the centre of which [was] appropriated to General Rodel, his staff, the town major, and other military officials.

As soon as the morning states and other returns were collected the gallant general addressed the officers, on whom he bestowed many flattering encomiums for the clean, steady, and soldier-like appearance of their men, to whom he said his best thanks were also due for their orderly conduct whilst forming a section of the army of observation lately under his command on the frontiers of Portugal. During his address the gallant general took frequent opportunities to revert to the then distracted state of his native country, and to impress upon the attention of the troops the necessity of their holding themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice in pursuit of the forces of Don Carlos. The distinguished veteran concluded by proposing three cheers for Donna Isabella, and a like number for the Queen Regent. These propositions were hailed with enthusiasm, and responded to by a *feu de joie* from the infantry and a rattling salute from the numerous batteries.

The duties of the day were then told off in accordance with the strictest military etiquette as if in presence of an enemy. The first guard marched off was that for the governor, next the detachment for Fort Picurino, Fort St. Christoval, and other outposts, then the ordinary garrison guards, and outlying picquets. The foregoing preliminaries having been gone through the troops

were marched off with colours flying and drums beating to the Plaza, where they formed a hollow square. In rear of the troops of the line and National Guard were formed large bodies of mounted and dismounted police, within the area of the promenade was erected a stage or platform painted black, partly covered with cloth of the like sombre hue. In the centre of this cumbersome machine was placed a large arm-chair with a high back, attached to which was a massive beam with a strong iron collar and lever; in front of this secure but uneasy seat was a small table, on which were deposited a crucifix, a breviary, a gold cup and plate, containing the sacred elements about to be administered to a condemned culprit. On the right of the chair stood a priest in full canonicals, in rear of whom carelessly lounged the executioner in conversation with his assistant. Around this awful elevation for the expiation of crime rested on their arms reversed a strong civic guard, in front of whom were formed several austere-looking officials bearing white wands; whilst the outer circle of spectators consisted of tastefully-attired peasantry, male and female, who had come hither to vend their commodities to the good people of Badajos. Encircling this picturesque assemblage were clusters of small tents for the sale of grapes, oranges, pomegranates, fried sausages, sardinias, chocolate, lemonade, arguidenté, and other refreshments, patronised by the Spaniards at any public spectacle. Although these persons were congregated upon such a solemn occasion, many of them not only regaled themselves but joined in games of dice, cards, and other species of gambling. Whilst they were thus engaged upon the morning in question their attention was suddenly arrested by the approach of martial music mingled with the chanting of priests; these sounds were occasionally drowned by the more sonorous one of the great bell of the cathedral, which at intervals pealed forth the funeral knell. These indications signified that the doomed man was approaching—as he neared the place of execution the buzzing of voices became more audible, as did also the hand-bell in attendance on the officiating father confessor. The mob became impatient, the lookers-on who occupied the windows and balconies of the adjacent houses eagerly stretched out their necks to gaze at the melancholy cavalcade, which consisted of an advanced guard of a half squadron of cuirassiers, with drawn swords; followed by a brass band, muffled drums, and a detachment of infantry, with arms reversed; next came a *posse* of priests, escorted by their more juvenile aspirants for the papal chair,—many of these youthful ecclesiastics carried silver censers containing burning incense. The host was also borne in state under a magnificent canopy of richly-figured silk. The bier for the intended sacrifice to retributive justice was supported upon slings; and mounted on a white donkey, with his arms pinioned and legs tied beneath the saddle-skirts, came the ill-fated malefactor, who, notwithstanding the constrained position of his arms, managed to carry in his right hand a small image of the Virgin. He was arrayed in sack-cloth, girded with a cord; over this unbecoming costume he wore a coarse white shroud. On each side walked a bevy of the poorer order of the priesthood, each of whom carried in one hand a crucifix, and in the other the Book of Paternoster, from which each in turn administered spiritual consolation to the condemned, and at intervals all chanted a *requiem*. As the procession neared the fatal spot the military opened out and admitted it into the interior of the square formed by them. When at the foot of the scaffold it was met by the officials, who assisted the miserable man to dismount and conducted him to the chair prepared for him, the ascent to which was by a flight of steps, with a rudely-constructed balustrade, painted black. When the prisoner reached the platform he took the place assigned to him in silence, and with much solemnity piously crossed himself, and audibly repeated the *Ave Maria* of his spiritual pastor. During this devout ordinance one of the holy fathers covered the face of the penitent with the skirt of his surplice, as a token that he was received into the body of the Romish church; the observance of this form acted as a signal to the executioner, who forthwith turned the lever on the neck of the criminal, who instantly ceased to exist. Up to the last moment the father confessor was most earnestly engaged in the duties



of his sacred office, the knell continued to toll, the priests chanted a *requiem*, miscellaneous prayers were offered up by men, women, and children, congregated around the stage of death. Many of these individuals were blind and maimed, in virtue of which misfortunes they vended black-bordered copies of verses and a prose yarn professing to be the production of the defunct. During the ceremony the beams of the sun played brilliantly on the well-burnished helmets and breast-plates of the cuirassiers, as also on the gleaming lances, sabres, and bayonets of the handsomely-equipped squadrons and battalions assembled upon this occasion. At the conclusion of the fearful spectacle the troops broke into sub-divisions, and in quick time marched back to their billets and barracks, to the air of "Don Riego's Hymn." Shortly after the military had left the place of execution the civic authorities gave up the body of the culprit to the *Misericórdia*, when the crowd instantly dispersed, and the non-residents repaired to the market-place to take up a position for the sale of their respective wares. The day of which we speak was not only the usual weekly market, but it was also that of the annual fair; thus there was a large sprinkling of the picturesque peasantry from the adjacent and distant towns, villages, and hamlets.

The daring criminal whose fate has been just recorded was tall and slightly made; his carriage was erect, his step firm, for he yet retained the appearance of a soldier, in which honourable calling he had fought against the legions of the Little Corsican. At the close of the Peninsular war, in 1814, he was invalided and discharged, since which period he had sustained a precarious livelihood. So unsuccessful was he in his various pursuits that he became disheartened, and enrolled himself with a band of armed bandits who infested the plains and passes in the vicinity of Talavera. In this hazardous occupation he paid no respect to persons or parsons, for he robbed both priest and peasant. The gang which he commanded also gave the travellers by the diligences and estafette a shrewd idea of the system of highway and byeway contributions. In these exploits blood was often shed. Yet this bold marauder and his brother desperadoes escaped the hand of justice until they espoused the cause of Don Carlos, and intercepted the Christina escorts which traversed the main roads from Madrid with stores, treasure, and ammunition for the different outposts and garrisons in the province of Spanish Estremadura. Not till then did the queen's government deem it necessary to protect the public by arresting the progress of these wholesale dealers in rapine and murder. Among the chiefs and subordinates who fell into the power of the executive was our hero, but who, like many others of that class, expiated their crimes more from political motives than for the good of the community.

Whilst the troops were refreshing themselves with their much-needed breakfast the business of the market solely engrossed the attention of the residents and non-residents of Badajos. From an early hour on the morning in question numerous venders of the articles of daily consumption began to assemble at the place of barter; long trains of mules and donkeys, laden with skins of oil and wine, were constantly entering at the different gates, more especially at that commanding the Madrid road; in fact, from all points were to be seen well-appointed parties of the contrabandista, herds of horned cattle, flocks of sheep, cackling geese, and droves of pigs. Many of these more noisy and less tractable visitors were completely knocked up from the effects of their long journey, and only kept on the move by the frequent application of the drover's goad and lash; many of the juvenile squeakers were carried in the arms of their wearied owners. In the rear of this living mass followed ponies, mules, and donkeys with panniers, containing fair samples of the rustic daughters of Spain. Some of these panniers were differently arranged, there being a young damsel in one and her sweetheart in the other, so poised that the deficiency in weight of either party was made up in commodities for the market, which served as ballast. The pedestrians partly consisted of groups of gipsies in their fantastic dresses. Among these sons of sunny Spain were the grave and swarthy Castilian, enve-

loped in his ample cloak; the gaily-dressed Andalusian, with his short vest, which was either of white Marcella, or coloured silk, richly figured, and jacket of black or brown silk, cloth or velvet, embroidered with black silk braid, and gilt or silver filagree buttons, black velvet breeches, open at the knees, ornamented down the seams with buttons like those on the upper part of the dress, over which was worn a red and blue sash, which looked exceedingly well contrasted with the neatly white frilled shirt, as did also "the fine Barcelona tied nate round his neck." The Andalusians are also particularly tasty in the cock of the cap, which is made of velvet or cloth, according to the wealth and taste of the wearer, the hair is clubbed and tied with black ribbon, the lower extremities are encased in white stockings and brown sandals—the cloak, generally carried on the left shoulder, completes their costume. The natives of Andalusia are remarkable for their expressive black eyes and the animation of their countenances. In company of these individuals were ass drivers of Cordova, in brown leather dresses, and peasants from the same place in light-coloured vests, brown jackets, broad-brimmed hats with streamers of various hues, a large stick carried under the arm, and a cloak suspended from the left shoulder. The most prettily clad among the groups were the peasants of Valencia, in white vests and kilts, red sashes, slouched hats, and jackets of brown stuff hanging from the right shoulder. The costume of the Estremaduran is handsome; the most plainly-attired peasantry were natives of Navarre and Saragossa, and the carriers from Losea, who, instead of the cloak usually patronised by the Spaniards, wear a striped rug or blanket over the left shoulder. The Estremaduran herdsman and goatherd of Valladolid are picturesque in the extreme, the former is generally accompanied by a large mouse-coloured dog, a species of mastiff, and armed with the old-fashioned Spanish gun. All of these pastoral pilgrims carry a long crook, with which they tend their flocks. A strong muster of these variously-dressed individuals assembled in Badajos on the 10th of October, 1834, bands of muleteers, with their body belts of buff leather—cartouche pouches, carbines, and long guns were abundant. Many of the peasantry from the distant provinces came in their rudely-constructed bullock cars, the wheels of which are cut out of a solid piece of wood. These vehicles make a very disagreeable noise; their approach is to be heard at a considerable distance, even without the tin canisters, containing pebbles, which are hung around the necks of the docile animals which draw them. The ordinary weekly market at Badajos displays a great variety of costume, but the annual fair brings traders from the distant towns and cities, and the scene partakes of the variety of characters expected to be seen only in representation at a well-arranged masquerade. As the morning advanced, old-fashioned carriages, with from six to ten mules, each caparisoned with ancient housings, entered the gates of the city at a brisk trot or hand gallop. These animals were without reins, and were guided by the voice of the driver, who ran by the side; they were very tractable, and stopped in an instant at the shrill whistle of their master. When arrived at the market place each individual took up a position; the inhabitants, more particularly the women, had already possessed themselves of their usual places, and were squatted, some on their heels, and others cross-legged in groups on the pavement, having over their heads huge umbrellas; many of them were engaged in cooking for the temporary sojourners, among whom were wood-cutters, charcoal burners, wine coopers, and other artisans. In addition to the supply of live stock, the market boasted a goodly show of hares, fowls, turkeys, and bustards. Fish of every kind abounded, the greater portion of which was supplied by the fishermen of the Tagus, the Douro, and the Mondego. Olives, grapes, pine-apples, water-melons, and other fruits were in rich profusion. Besides these luxuries there was also amusement for the reckless gambler in the form of dice and greasy cards, spread upon rickety tables, for the favourite game of Monté, which, together with the other species of play, were openly carried on within sight of the police. These guardians of the peace are not over particular with regard to this general pastime. The army is also very lax

upon this point—indeed, it is a frequent occurrence in Spain to see soldiers, even of the main guard, playing “pitch-and-toss” on a drum-head. Maimed and ragged mendicants, old and young, of both genders, are all infected with this demoralising propensity, which is indulged even at the foot of the gallows.

Whilst the busy scenes of the market were going on, the troops re-assembled in the Praza de la Constitution, and marched past the tablet there erected in memory of the Constitution of 1811. After having paid the usual honours to this revered monument, the troops proceeded with drums beating and colours flying to the Campo do Santo Domingo, the route to which place was thronged with persons of all ages and denominations. From the windows and balconies of the houses city dames and fair damsels eagerly gazed on the passing martial array, fans fluttered and handkerchiefs waved as tokens of recognition to lancers, hussars, carbineers, and other bold dragoons, not forgetting “my own granny dear,” and light Bob. Sundry angelic *senhoras* also displayed their sylph-like forms, mounted on prancing palfreys and high-mettled Andalusian steeds; these equestrian enchantresses gracefully saluted their respective cavaliers as they cantered past to the ground allotted for the approaching military pageant. It was not yet eight o'clock when the troops reached the review ground, where they were shortly joined by General Rodel, who was announced by a flourish of trumpets and a salute of ten guns. As soon as the gallant veteran had taken up his position at the saluting point, the cavalry carried swords and the infantry presented arms, the reviewing general then galloped to the right of the line, opened the ranks and minutely inspected each man and horse as they stood on parade; he then returned to his post by the rear, when the numerous and well-appointed corps broke into open column right in front and marched past in review order in slow time; the cavalry by squadrons, and the infantry by companies. The brigades of six and nine-pounders also filed past at a walk, trot, and gallop; the mountain artillery three-pounders also marched past on the backs of sleek and sturdy mules—this useful branch of the Spanish army elicited much admiration. The troops then closed to quarter distance, and marched in quick time, re-formed line, and then broke into column, and went through a variety of movements with great steadiness and precision. The heavy cavalry first advanced in line and retired by threes from the right, re-formed line and charged by alternate squadrons from the flanks. The light cavalry skirmished in front of the general line, and returned to their original position at a gallop. The infantry of the line formed square to receive cavalry, the *caçadores* occupied woods and vineyards, from which they threw out chains of skirmishers to clear their front and flanks. The heavy artillery of the field train took up the most eligible positions on the surrounding elevations, and formed field batteries, from which they fired several rounds of blank cartridge with the rapidity of lightning. The guns of the smaller calibre were parked at regulated intervals between battalions; the mules, with the mountain train, as also those which carried the rations, field ambulance, and ammunition, formed in the rear of the main body. During the time occupied by the review the practice of the artillery was brisk and accurate, and the movements of all other arms of the service reflected the greatest credit on the officers. The ground was kept by a cuirass corps of police from Madrid, the costume of which much resembled our Royal Horse Guards (Blue), except that the belts and pantaloons were of buff leather, and the brass-hilted swords and carbines were of unusual length. The whole scene was extremely animating, the horses were very tractable, and passaged to the right and left with as much facility as the trooper of our household cavalry, on a court day, or the opening or closing of Parliament. The outside of the square formed for the use of the troops, was studded with equipages of every sort, size, and fashion, which, together with a goodly muster of *grandees*, *hidalgos*, titled dames, youthful *senhoras*, gay cavaliers, and contented-looking peasantry, added much interest and diversity to the brilliant spectacle.

After a few additional manœuvres to those already described, the technical

detail of which would be uninteresting to the non-military reader, the troops re-formed line, and gave the general salute; they then wheeled back into close column of sub-divisions, and returned left in front to their billets and quarters. Just before they commenced manœuvring, General Rodel perceived several foreign officers (Englishmen), belonging to the garrison of Elvas, in rear of the second chain of sentinels, and instantly despatched an aide-de-camp to conduct them to the inner circle, where a select coterie of visitors, friends of the Governor of Badajos, and his personal staff, were assembled. The gallant general greeted them with great courtesy and politeness, inquired the name of their hotel, which was readily given, when the veteran raised his plumed hat, and proceeded to give the necessary orders to his aides-de-camps for the guidance of officers commanding brigades. Truly martial was the array of gleaming lances, sword blades, bayonets, and breastplates of the cuirassiers, as they defiled along the high road to Badajos, where they fortunately arrived before the noon-day sun had reached its full power. Having divested themselves of their accoutrements, these gallant men were regaled with their usual mess and an extra ration of wine in honour of the day. The Spanish soldiers are not, as in other armies, divided into messes, but their provisions are cooked in large quantities, and consist of a sort of cabbage soup seasoned with garlic, which is put into buckets, around which small parties of soldiers crowd standing, and eat with wooden spoons. Their wine is served out in little tin measures, holding about half-a-pint. They are perfectly indifferent as to the comforts of life, or a home; they care not what perilous or distant enterprises they undertake, and emulate the example of the cohorts of Cortes and Pizarro, who had no other homes than their camps.

The troops which garrisoned Badajos at the period to which we allude were paid regularly, and well appointed; they carried with them their own cooking apparatus, hospital ambulance, efficient commissariat, and every requisite for an army in the field. After a little rest, many of these light-hearted recruits and veterans were to be seen parading the streets, in company with rustic beauties, decked with bouquets and gay ribbons; each of these damsels carried a guitar, castanets, or a tambourine. These merry groups displayed their grace and agility in the bolera and other national dances. Music saluted the ear at every corner,—the love of the Spanish soldier for the guitar is such that it is a common thing to see them when upon duty, seated at the guard-room door, playing for the edification of the sentinel.

After the review most of the citizens returned to their homes—many of them kept open house, for the reception of their country friends; others converted their dwellings into posadas, for the entertainment of visitors. At the usual hour everything was suspended for the indulgence of the *siesta*, in which all classes participated; nothing was to be seen in the streets but the police, the troops upon duty, couriers, aides-de-camp, and orderly dragoons, arriving and departing in rapid succession to and from Paris, Lisbon, and Madrid.

The military pageant above described was not the only diversion selected for the amusement of the good people of Badajos, in celebration of the first anniversary of the birthday of Donna Isabella, as Queen of Spain. A bull fight followed, which took place at two o'clock.

Outside the city, close to the Campo Do Santo Mingo, is a large amphitheatre, capable of accommodating from 10,000 to 15,000 persons, but on this occasion perhaps not more than two-thirds of the former number had assembled. Among the early arrivals were General Rodel, his staff, the Alcade and civic authorities. About a quarter before two o'clock the chief of the sport, with his *toseros* (bull-fighters on foot) and other officials, appeared at the portal of the principal entrance of the royal circle. The leader was arrayed in the costume of an ancient Spanish knight; he wore a black velvet mantle, lined with ermine, trimmed with gold lace and fringe, a slashed doublet, light scale armour, and a plumed hat turned up at each side. In his right hand he carried a baton, and was mounted on a fine grey Andalusian charger. In his rear followed, formed

two deep, several *toseros*, in varied attire; then came eight or ten *picad6rs* (mounted bull-fighters), with spears—these were dressed much like the cavaliers of England during the reign of Charles I. Lastly came six or eight mules, decorated with top-knots and flags, and richly-laced clothing, dragging after them the apparatus for withdrawing the slain bulls from the circle. Upon entering the arena, the knightly-attired official made his obeisance to General Rodel, who as Governor of Badajos and Captain-General of the Province of Estremadura, was the queen's representative, and thus kept the keys of the sheds in which the bulls were confined. With due form he tendered them to the director of the sport, and ordered the national pastime to commence. The spectators were not all patricians, but comprised a miscellaneous gathering of snips, snobs, and other artisans; all, however, seemed to be much interested in the exploits about to be performed. Within the amphitheatre were several wooden barriers from five to six feet high,—these defences are for the purpose of affording a safe and ready retreat for the *toseros* when hard pressed by a furious bull. These passes are only sufficiently wide to admit of the party pursued retreating sideways; places of similar security were also made on a larger scale for the *picad6rs*. All was anxiety in the boxes, in which were the grandee and hidalgo, in court dresses and rich uniforms, enveloped in ample *capotes*, and the peasantry were to be seen in the tastily-cut and ornamented jackets of their respective provinces. The shady part of the amphitheatre was devoted to the higher classes, and the sunny side was occupied by the peasantry. The arena was surrounded by a strong wall or palisade, in which were four places of entrance,—the first for those persons connected with the arrangement of the sport, the second for the bulls, the third for the egress of such bulls as escaped death, and the fourth for the passage of the mules and horses which drag out the carcasses of the defunct animals. As soon as the chief actors entered the lists, trumpets sounded, and the military bands in attendance struck up the national anthem in honour of the day. Ere the sport commenced a detachment of infantry entered the arena, and cleared the ground of the loungers who had collected at an early stage of the preliminaries, the *toseros* and *picad6rs* then took their respective stations; some carried a short striped flag, but all had a scarlet scarf, with which to divert the attention of the bull from the attacking cavalier, two of whom had made their appearance on the scene of action. Each *picad6r* was armed with a light spear or lance, from twelve to fourteen feet long; they were mounted on little active horses, which were blindfolded and richly caparisoned. Prior to the bull being let loose, three or four *picad6rs* were placed in rear of each other behind one of the barriers; the *toseros* were also posted at their appointed places, each having slung on his right arm the required bull attractor, a gaudy-coloured scarf. The military having cleared the arena and retired, the trumpets sounded, and the gate of one of the *tosils* (bulls' dens) was opened, when out rushed a bull which for an instant gazed wildly around him, snorted aloud, and flew full butt at one of the *picad6rs*, whose horse he gored, and would have unseated the rider had it not been for the prompt assistance of the *toseros*. Another horseman then attacked the enraged animal, which after tossing a couple of *toseros*, ripped open the thigh of his mounted antagonist, and killed his horse. A third horseman appeared, and was received by the infuriated bull with tremendous bellowings; the *picad6r*, nothing daunted, galloped to his foe, and nearly buried the point of his spear in the fleshy part of his neck; several *toseros* at the same time planting small but keen darts in different parts of his body; and whilst the wretched victim was reeking with blood, one of the chief operators, the *banderillo* or flag bearer, plunged a row of arrows behind his horns. This brutality increased the ferocity of the already maddened bull, who strove to toss his savage tormentor, but he escaped. The agonised creature then devoted his attention to one of the *picad6rs*, whom he killed; he also slightly wounded two *toseros*. The signal bugle then sounded to advance, when forthwith the *matad6r*, having divested himself of his cloak, boldly approached his mangled prey; in his right hand he bore a short, straight sword, in his left a small red flag, at



which the bull instantly rushed; the *matador* (or slayer) then dexterously stepped on one side, and struck his weapon between the animal's chest and heart, yet he showed signs of life when a *tosero* came up, and gave the *coup-de-grace* by plunging a dagger into the spine.

Four mules then entered, decorated with morris bells, flags, and gay streamers; they were harnessed abreast of each other, and attached to them were long traces affixed to a bar, fastened by a rope to the horns of the dead bull, which was dragged from the arena at full gallop, amid triumphant music and the plaudits of the delighted spectators.\* Two fresh *picadors* and a *posé* of reserved *toseros* now took up their positions; the trumpets again opened their brazen throats, and a second bull made his *début* by attacking the nearest *picador*, whom he soon out-manœuvred. He, however, received sundry wounds during the conflict, and after entertaining the lookers-on for a considerable time, he made his exit by the aid of the *matador*. Ten other bulls appeared in succession, all of which displayed varied degrees of ferocity and courage; five fell in the sanguinary fight, three horses and one *picador* shared the same fate, and several men and horses received severe wounds. During this revolting spectacle many were the telegraphic waives of fans, and mutual exchanges of fond and tender glances, from the occupants of the most aristocratic tier of boxes, enthusiastic shouts and martial music, commingled with the stentorian voices of lemonade venders and water carriers, who at intervals proclaimed their respective wares. Upon the conclusion of the sport, the spectators retraced their steps to Badajos, and again tenanted the different places of entertainment. Although much fatigued, many engaged in the exhilarating game of fives in the tennis courts attached to the places of their sojourn, when great was the struggle for pre-eminence between the men of Estremadura and those of other provinces.

Shortly after the return of the Governor of Badajos from the amphitheatre his excellency held a *bésa mãos* (or kiss hands), at which were present, in court dresses, rich uniforms, and official costumes, the heads of the civic and military departments, grantees, hidalgos, monks, friars, deputations from the trades' union, merry wives, blooming and despairing spinsters, and mild imitations of disconsolate widows.

It would, perhaps, be generally imagined that upon this day of festivity neither want nor misery was visible; but more than the usual muster of aged, blind, maimed, and infirm presented themselves. Many of these wretched objects lay about in the most public places of fashionable resort, exhibiting distressing decrepitude, emaciated frames, and loathsome wounds; some bivouacked upon straw on the sunny side of the pavement, enveloped in cloaks of various hues and shreds; others of these pauper-tourists from the provinces rode upon asses, or large four-wheeled organs, and not a few were carried on the backs of some less enfeebled companion in poverty. These ill-fated wanderers made piteous appeals to the passers-by, in which they were occasionally interrupted by the sound of the hand-bell of the host *en route* to the sick quarters of some death-stricken mortal, anxiously awaiting the administration of extreme unction to smooth his exit from this world of woe. At this time a malignant fever raged in Badajos, arising from the crowded state of that city, in consequence of the increased force of the garrison, and the number of political prisoners who were there confined, having been taken in different parts of Estremadura as armed partisans of Don Carlos, and except the casual gaiety of the day, great misery everywhere prevailed. We might have said, with Hume, "were a stranger to drop on a sudden into this world, I would show him as a specimen of its ills an hospital full of diseases, a prison crowded with malefactors and debtors, a field of battle strewn with carcasses, a fleet foundering in the ocean, a nation languishing under tyranny, famine, or pestilence. To turn the gay side of life to him and give him a notion of its pleasures whither should I conduct him? To a ball, to

\* Prior to the entrance of a fresh bull, the arena is strewn with sand and sawdust to conceal the blood.

an opera, to a court? He might justly think that I was only showing a diversity of distress and sorrow."

The promenades also abounded with a class of individuals who sought to replenish their coffers by reading and transcribing letters and petitions for those who were not versed in the mystery of these useful acquirements. Many of these itinerant scholars dealt in lottery tickets for the gratification of the speculative propensity of the Spanish million. Fête days in Spain, as in other Catholic countries, are consumed by the wealthier portion of the community in the pious office of attending mass, and then feasting and merry-making; whilst the poorer order, after their devotions, consign themselves to fasting—not from choice—and sight seeing, all profitable employment being totally suspended, to the great detriment of the artisan and agricultural labourer; the former individuals assemble to recruit their spirits, and the latter to beguile their wants.

Whilst the residents of the once-renowned stronghold of the celebrated French Commandant, General Phillipon, occupied themselves in the sports of the day, many of the visitors inspected the works which had afforded such formidable opposition and proved so fatal to the immortal heroes of the gallant Pieton's fighting division on the night of the 6th of April, 1812, the devastating effects of which are yet visible. The breach leads to the market-place, and is close to the castle, this part of the wall was re-built by the British, and has the date of the year marked with shot, the batteries in which some of the British generals and other field-officers are interred bear the like distinction, but in several instances the black marble slabs which cover their illustrious remains have been much cracked and broken, as if wilfully. The breach yet bears strong marks of the sanguinary struggle which it sustained, and many of the houses in its vicinity, as also the bishop's palace and several public edifices, retain traces of round shot having chipped or passed through their massive walls. The trench contains the bleached and mouldering bones of the gallant attackers and defenders; several of the visitors, with all due reverence, took mementos of the casualties of the memorable siege; one gentleman secured a skull which had on its frontal an indent evidently from a gun-shot wound, which had, doubtless, caused death; another provided himself with a thigh bone; others possessed themselves of similar vestiges of frail man, all displaying marks of a violent death.

In this part of the breach are also visible the mutilated skeletons of mules and horses, for here was stoutly maintained the "tug of war."

As the day advanced, the pleasure-seekers and time-killers were much augmented in numbers; towards sunset dense masses had congregated in the principal thoroughfares, and when the bell for vespers tolled the men of all classes doffed their beavers, bent the knee, and crossed themselves, the women joined in the latter act of devotion, and the troops assembled in the *Praza Nueva* formed detached circles round their officers and chanted the evening hymn, at the conclusion of which the bands played the National Anthem; the men then engaged in a lively dance, in which several of the citizens, peasants, and straggling soldiers from *Elvas* and *Campo Mayor* took a part, and much hilarity prevailed. The visitors from the neighbouring villages chiefly consisted of vine-pruners, shepherds and shepherdesses, attired in the dresses of their respective occupations. Many carried flutes, guitars, castanets, or tambourines; some of the females who came from a distance rode mules decorated with bells and worsted trappings; whilst the better order of buxom damsels sported their comely figures upon well-trained jennets, which pawed the ground and champed their bits as if proud of their fair burthens. Mounted and dismounted gipsies, dressed as *figurantes*, mingled with the joyous throng, and added much to the gaiety of the scene.

In a former part of this paper mention has been made of the courtesy of the Governor of Badajos, General Rodel, towards the officers of the garrison of *Elvas* during the review, but the gallant commandant's kindness went still further. Whilst they were enjoying their wine at the *Tres Naciones*, an orderly officer of his excellency's staff requested an audience with the English officers,

which was immediately granted, and the waiter ushered in a dashing young cavalier in the uniform of a hussar, who after expressing himself with that politeness so proverbial in a Spaniard, said that he was deputed by his chief to offer them the use of his excellency's box at the theatre. This compliment was gratefully accepted and duly appreciated by the British officers, who invited the gallant hussar to join their party whilst they drank the health of the Queen of Spain and that of her most Catholic Majesty's lieutenant-general and governor of the ancient city of Badajos. To this proposition our Spanish comrade made no objection, and the youthful sovereign and the veteran Rodel were toasted in bumpers of choice Burgundy. Thus the evening wore on until it was time to repair to the Temple of the Muses, where one of Lopé de Vega's comedies and a lively but broad farce, from the pen of Calderan de la Barca, were performed. During the entertainment the *cachucka*, *fandango*, and *bolero* were danced, the latter in true Andalusian style, each couple using the castanets with the utmost grace; the fair partner marks the time with her heel, and exchanges with her cavalier the looks and attitudes of the "gay, the sprightly, the wild, the plaintive, the reproachful, the sorrow-stricken, or unrequited lover." Then came a musical and poetical effusion of legendary traditions, followed by a graceful *ballet*, in which were displayed the well-turned legs and ancles so peculiar to the fair beauties of Spain.

Outside the theatre all was joy and gaiety, the houses were brilliantly illuminated, Chinese and variegated lamps were suspended from the branches of the double avenue of palms and poplars which surround the *Paráda*, blue lights and rockets flashed in the horizon, plaintive ditties, accompanied by the guitar, struck sweetly on the ear, and several large barrelled-organs, representing full bands, paraded the streets for the amusement of those who remained within their own domiciles.

General Rodel left the theatre early for his official residence, where he gave a grand ball, at which were assembled stately dames and bewitching damsels; the latter were dressed *à la Française*, with the exception of their hair, which was arranged in the Spanish fashion, and surmounted by the high richly-jewelled comb. Diamonds and other gems shone in rival brilliancy with the flashing eyes of the high-born wearers. The dowagers adhered to the long black veil and mantilla, the elder hidalgos wore the full court dress, bag and sword, and the more youthful rejoiced in showy uniforms. The papas, mammas, uncles, and aunts, snuffed, chatted, and sipped *eau sucré* and lemonade, whilst the graceful waltz presented irresistible attractions to the younger *senhoras* and their *ina-moratos*.

The humbler classes without the vice-regal mansion beguiled the time by serenading their mistresses, and aiding the bugs in keeping awake the drowsy citizens until the matin bell arrested the attention of all good Catholics, when both old and young, rich and poor, abandoned amusement for devotion; after which the artisan and mechanic sought their daily labour, the more wealthy courted luxurious repose, and the ancient city of Badajos resumed its usual sombre aspect.

## NINEVEH.

(SUGGESTED ON READING MR. LAYARD'S INTERESTING WORK "NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS.")

By NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF "RUINS OF MANY LANDS."

[The recent discoveries of Mr. Layard on the site of ancient Nineveh appear to us more important and more interesting than any made since the disinterment of Pompeii, and the announcement to the world of vast and ruined cities built by an unknown people in Central America. As a consequence of investigations commenced with such success, light will now probably be thrown upon a great portion of the world's earlier history, hitherto involved in impenetrable darkness, and passages in the Scriptures, once difficult to be understood, will be elucidated. Mr. Layard, by his penetration and indomitable perseverance, has made himself entitled to the gratitude of the scholar not only of England but of Europe, and his name, in connection with the once famous city of Assyria, will be handed down to posterity with lasting applause.]

So fell great Nineveh, the boast of kings,  
And o'er her pride the vulture flapp'd his wings;  
Long ages passed, and turf enwrapped the walls,  
And silence reigned in Ninus' buried halls.  
New races rose and died, till e'en the name  
And city's site a shadowy dream became.  
The Arab spread his tent, but did not know  
Bright palaces of kings might shine below,  
And Moslem tribes their little hamlets reared  
On piles where nought but barren stones appeared.  
Who comes at last from that once barbarous isle,  
But where to-day art, science, wisdom smile?  
Hath he a genie's piercing vision won?  
Or the strong seal of star-read Solomon,  
That bade the deeves unlock their iron caves,  
And drew strange wealth from ocean's mantling waves?\*

The mound is opened—earth reveals her store,  
The gorgeous secret ages keep no more,  
Assyria's homes and temples on us gleam,  
And her dread pomp no longer is a dream.

The shapes Ezekiel saw of monstrous mould,  
Half gods, half mortals, now our eyes behold—  
The lion winged, the bull with human face,  
Ponderous as towers, yet carved with passing grace.†  
Long galleries wind, and courts around us spread,  
Where pictured pavements glow beneath our tread;  
And still beyond we enter stately rooms,  
Rich once with silks from soft Assyrian looms;  
Now shattered helms, fair ivories strew the ground,  
And, quaintly carved, tall sculptures gleam around—  
Portraits of kings who ruled ere Rome was born,  
Or pealed in Salem Israel's trumpet horn,

\* Solymian ben Daoud, or Solomon son of David, is esteemed by the Arabs an all-powerful magician, and the King of the Genii.

† The great lions, 19 feet high, with wings and human heads, were found guarding one of the portals of the south-west palace in the mound at Nimroud, and with the colossal human-headed bulls evidently maintained the same places as they occupied in the days of the Assyrian kings. What these mystical figures were intended to represent cannot with certainty be said; probably they were emblematic of the Divinity, the human head being the type of intelligence, the lion and bull of strength, and the wings of swiftness.

Priests, trees of life with mystic symbols hung,  
 And sieges, battles, such as Homer sung.\*  
 Lo! where yon platform sweeps—a floor of stone—  
 Here blazed, perchance, the Assyrian's jewelled throne;†  
 Here Ninus sat, Semiramis the proud,  
 And here to Tiglath Israel's captives bowed.‡  
 The heart beats high, and, while warm fancies glow,  
 We think of days whose glories none may know;  
 'Till, as eve's golden sunbeams mellowing fall,  
 Light up each vault, and gild the sculptured hall,  
 Those monarchs in the midst appear to rise,  
 Crowns on their heads, and terror in their eyes,  
 While courtiers quail, and princes stand in awe,  
 Each look a mandate, and each nod a law.

But mark yon tombs—yes, Death has also here  
 Preserved his prize; yet strange those graves appear,  
 Raised o'er the halls which ages whelmed before,  
 Races interred on races known no more.  
 Lift the stone lid—can aught of man be there?  
 A figure shrinks to dust when touched by air;  
 Yet, placed by sorrowing love, still vases stand,  
 And glitters still the bracelet's silver band;  
 Here, circling once the neck, are beads of glass,  
 And there the pin that bound the hair's rich mass.  
 Oh Beauty! Beauty! for whose nectared kiss  
 Men pine, fight, die—and must she come to this?  
 Where are those graces now, those dimples bright,  
 Her snowy brow, and eyes' entrancing light?  
 These baubles all outlast her peerless clay,  
 And love-bright charms, more valued now than they.||

Sleep, City! nought is time to thine and thee;  
 Sleep 'till God's judgment, mystic Nineveh!  
 Years raise up states, then dash them to the dust;  
 Mortals are weak, but call not Heaven unjust.  
 No change to thee will come, thou liest there  
 In cold obstruction, type of Pride's despair.  
 Oblivion watches, as dark ages close,  
 Thy buried glory, and thy dread repose;  
 Death sits, grim tyrant, on thy mound-strewn plain,  
 And thunders to awake thee peal in vain.

\* Helmets and other pieces of armour were found by some of the rooms; the ivory images, in their style and subjects, are essentially Egyptian. Nearly all the apartments yet uncovered are lined with alabaster slabs, on which are carved in relief figures and subjects in endless variety.

† "In front of this bas-relief is the great stone platform, upon which in days of old may have been placed the throne of the Assyrian monarchs."—Layard's "Nineveh," vol. II.

‡ Tiglath Pileser, who 736 B.C. invaded Samaria, and carried many Jews into captivity.

|| One of the most interesting discoveries was made on the west side of the Nimroud mound; Mr. Layard found here about twenty sarcophagi, nearly all of them holding human remains, but which crumbled to dust on exposure to the air. One of these sarcophagi contained earthen vases, glass beads belonging to a necklace, a cylinder, two silver bracelets, and a pin for the hair. The remains were evidently those of a female. Removing more of the soil, he found several feet beneath this little cemetery a handsome building, the rooms as usual being lined with alabaster slabs. Tombs over the houses! some unknown race had occupied the country after the fall and burying up of the Assyrian palaces—that race had also passed away.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF  
THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

—  
EDWARD V. AND RICHARD III.  
—

A SAD kind of interest has always invested the tragic reign of the boyish monarch, Edward V. Many a child has often reflected over his hard fate; a virtuous indignation has probably fired his bosom as he read the narrative of the murder of the two young princes, and in the most expressive language in which he can give utterance to his thoughts he has execrated the author of the foul deed. As the child grows into manhood the same feeling lingers in his mind, though perhaps it may be not quite so powerful as in earlier days, nor yet is he so ready to bestow condemnatory epithets upon the sinning head of Richard III. It is somewhat curious to observe how advancing years cool down enthusiasm; how the fire and ardour of youth lessen as men grow older and assume a hoary and time-worn aspect; fortunately both stages of life have enjoyments and advantages peculiarly their own; for if in the one we partly lose the vivacity and energy of our young years, in the other we are, or should be, compensated by the possession of a more sober judgment as well as a better-stored intellect, better-regulated feelings and thoughts. But it is only so far as opinions are concerned that men fluctuate; in the great questions of right and wrong man is little liable to alter his views. What is wrong to-day is equally so at any future time, and hence all departures from what is right have been regarded in one unvarying light. Hence, too, the crimes of Richard have never found an apologist worthy of credence—they have been tested by the standard of all ages—they have been stigmatised as utterly bad,—and bad will they ever remain. Strangely warped must that writer's mind be who should pourtray the murderer's career in seductive and pleasant colours, or who should conceal glaring faults in his admiration of the bright side of his hero's character. And yet authors of this class have at various times thrown upon the world their contaminating, polluted productions, apparently without thinking of the injury they thus inflict upon society. It is consolatory, however, to know that, amidst all the darkness and barbarism which preceded the period now under our notice, there were signs of an approaching change; the dawning of that high civilisation, the limits of which are, probably, even now far from known. Towards the close of the fifteenth century not only did literature, the arts, and sciences, make a decided advance, but politics and religion assumed a higher ground, and all of these exerted an awakening influence more or less throughout the whole of Europe. England had for some time been in preparation for the change; for when the war of the Roses had died out, when Richard breathed his last on Bosworth Field, and when the star of Lancaster re-appeared in the person of the Earl of Richmond—Henry VII.—the fourteenth century, so distinguished for great men, eminently calculated to release the trammelled world, threw its benign influence over Great Britain.\* Her kings to a certain extent participated

\* Stirling, in one of his essays, truly remarks:—"The fourteenth century is one of the greatest ages in the history of the world. It may well stand alone, and advance an independent claim to honour, as a time in which the human mind was most active and eminent, and in which Petrarca, Boccacio, and Rienzi, the Black Prince and Du Guesclin, Chaucer, Occam, William of Wykeham, Froissart, and Wycliffe, however variously distinguished, were so far alike that they displayed accomplishments and virtues sufficient to ennoble the rudest and most melancholy page of history."

in the general amelioration of society, but though they became the recipients of enlarged knowledge, it is questionable whether the English sovereigns who reigned after the reformation were so vigorous in action, so able in government, or as a whole so worthy of admiration, as those who preceded the era of the Protestant faith. Some of the latter were truly noble men, not merely accomplished as warriors but peculiarly eminent as rulers. The distinguished men in the darker ages of our national history seem to have excelled the characters of after times in their intensely-vigorous intellects, at once so powerful and determined. A higher degree of civilisation would have bound up rather than developed their intellectual faculties. Though, however, we revere and admire the men of old, we do not the less revere and admire their successors. If the former reaped an imperishable renown, so will the latter: both have honourably fulfilled their vocations, and their names are embalmed in the fond recollection of their countrymen, not because they differ from each other, but because each achieved that which in all ages entitles them to admiration.

In this class Richard III. will never be placed. The notoriety which he has obtained arose from his usurping the throne, not from exhibiting superior virtues or high mental attainments. He sacrificed everything at the shrine of ambition, but when his wild wishes were somewhat realised, retribution came and denied him the object for which he had so devotedly fought. From his career we may read another of those eternal lessons so little followed, though so repeatedly brought under our notice. Both history and private life are replete with the lesson that all ends gained by improper means never conduce to our well-being or promote our happiness. Yet we are slow to learn it. Richard only thought of it when the heir of Lancaster asserted his pretensions to the throne; nor did he truly apprehend its import till Bosworth Field recalled the idea that he could never expiate his guilt; and therefore, summoning all his courage, he plunged into the midst of the enemy. But his brief life was preceded by one yet more brief—that of his nephew, Edward V., who was the principal cause of his crimes and of his accession to the sovereignty. When the infant monarch was proclaimed, the kingdom was in a disturbed state; his father, Edward IV., was not always the most politic ruler, neither were the principal courtiers of the day the best adapted to compose all troubles and earnestly set to work to govern with true wisdom. It was not to be expected that the king's minority would be a season of uninterrupted tranquillity, or even that it would be exempted from the disorders incident to the times. The people very well knew that somebody must virtually rule, though the young prince was nominally their sovereign. The state of the chief noble families, however, precluded any accurate opinion being formed, in relation to whom should be regent of the English realms. There were two parties at the royal court, one of whom was composed of the old aristocracy, and the other of the connexions of the late monarch's wife, Elizabeth Woodville, a lady of good qualities but of rather inferior descent. She could not boast of a rich and titled ancestry, but she could with honest pride aver that her family was truly honourable. These two sections of the nobility were hostile to each other: for, in addition to her elevation as royal consort of Edward IV., she thought of little else than supplying every office of emolument or honour with her own relatives and connexions. The old hereditary aristocracy thus saw themselves neglected by those whom they had once served with every devotion; they were mortified that others should be invested with all the dignity and honours to which they considered they had a prior right; they saw themselves displaced from every office, and thrust aside as useless members of the state, not because they had become inefficient, but because the newly-created lords and nobles had more powerful interest in the court circles. The Duke of Gloucester was not ignorant of these circumstances, nor was he averse to advocating the cause of this slighted aristocratic section, though at the same time he did not wish to produce a rupture by publicly identifying himself with either party; the period had not arrived for such a movement. Gloucester in the meanwhile acted with extreme dissi-

mulation, for no man better knew how to conceal his motives, to shape his conduct as if he were the most patriotic subject, the most amiable friend, or the most loving relative.

The kingdom was in this state of political disunion when Edward IV. closed his reign, and left the throne to his eldest son, a boy scarcely thirteen years old. His proclamation took place on the 9th of April, 1483, apparently without exciting the least opposition on the part of the divided ranks of the aristocracy. Unanimity prevailed in the court circles, and all hostility was hushed at the accession of the youthful Yorkist monarch. But it was like the lull which precedes the storm. The great matter now was to whose charge should the young king be confided—should he be left in the care of the queen and her party, or in Gloucester's? Both were equally anxious to achieve success, inasmuch as the government of the realm would in effect be conferred upon whichever gained possession of Edward's person. During the celebration of his proclamation he was in Wales, whither he had accompanied a military expedition formed of his mother's ministers. By them he was escorted towards the Metropolis, but through Gloucester's intrigue and cleverly-arranged measures they were led not only to consider him as friendly to the queen but to resign their sovereign into his keeping. They were as completely duped and as effectually disabled of the duke's hostile intentions as it was possible for any men to be; they took him for what he seemed—namely, a person who wished to promote the young king's welfare. They had no suspicion of his real design, nor were they aware of the gross hypocrisy under which he acted. There are pretty good indications of his being a most accomplished hypocrite, in a letter written to the queen about this time, in which he says, "That for his part he would do all that lay in his power to keep the people in the obedience due to their sovereign, by giving them himself an example of unlimited submission." And yet while he penned these lines he was directing every energy, making every effort to elevate himself to the kingly office, heedless alike of his nephew's life or the public good.

The Duke of Gloucester, on the 4th of May, 1483, led the young monarch into London. The events which marked his progress to the Metropolis, singular and startling as they were, had filled the loyal citizens with considerable doubt as to Richard's designs, but the duke heralded Edward's approach by an exhibition of devotion so earnest, and apparently so genuine, that the most incredulous of them dismissed all apprehension, and received them both with loud demonstrations of pleasure. The people thronged the roads and streets through which the boyish sovereign passed, the Duke of Gloucester riding before him through the City bare-headed, and occasionally shouting to the assembled masses, "Behold your prince and sovereign!" But it was necessary that the Government should be immediately settled; in other words, upon whom, during the king's minority, should the protectorship be conferred. The prominent position that Richard had taken throughout the whole affair obviously implied that he sought that distinction; but though it was readily resolved that he should receive it, yet the decision was far from being arrived at by the general consent of the nation. They were not consulted in the matter, for he well knew that only by intrigue and party influence could he succeed. With the supreme power now vested in his own person, Gloucester gradually unfolded his schemes to his intimate friends—schemes full of darkness, and aiming at the very root of those obstacles which lay in his next step to the throne. The principal adherents of the queen, men of rank and fidelity, were beheaded, in order to weaken her party; the king and his brother were removed to the Tower, under the guise of greater security, but in reality that Richard might have them fully within his control, and every expedient was adopted to prepare the public mind for his acquisition of the royal sceptre. Villainous deeds were enacted, too numerous to be narrated in the present sketch, and which seem to have led the people to believe that he would not cease till the young princes were murdered. But so intimidated were they that no man dared express one word of disapprobation, fearing lest he might share the same fate as his fellows. When scenes of brutality

had somewhat lessened, Richard endeavoured to promote his pretensions by enlisting the aid of one Dr. Shaw, a popular preacher in London, but a man of no honesty, and certainly no credit to his profession. This person delivered a sermon at Paul's Cross, the whole tenor of which was to show that the preceding kings of the Yorkist family were illegitimate; that consequently they had no right to reign; that Gloucester was the true descendant of the royal line, and eminently worthy of wearing the imperial diadem. But notwithstanding all his forced language, his attempt at eloquence, and his previous reputation as a preacher, he was heard with a sullen indifference, his audience detecting his baseness, and evincing neither approbation at his ranting sermon, nor sympathy in the object for which it was delivered. It is said the reverend doctor was sorely mortified at his failure: "he hid himself for shame, neither durst he ever show his face again in the world." Nor was he undeserving of this retribution; for a man who can lend himself to an object so unhallowed; who can be influenced by motives so unprincipled, cannot be visited with a punishment too severe.

Though thus far unsuccessful, Richard and his party did not despair of ultimate triumph—nor did they relax their endeavours to conduce to that end. The Duke of Buckingham, leader of the party and a relative of the protector, harangued the people, but his views met with no response—the citizens maintained a provoking silence—grieved that they should witness transactions so unworthy of a free nation. Towards the close of the address, however, some persons, bribed for the purpose, shouted out, "King Richard! King Richard!" to which Buckingham replied by expressing his pleasure at the unanimity with which the proposal was met, and desired the inhabitants to re-assemble the following day, in order that "an humble petition" might be presented to Richard, entreating him to become their monarch. The crown was accordingly offered to him, but with a craftiness peculiarly his own he feigned astonishment, and added, "he had so great a veneration for the memory of the late king, his brother, and so tender an affection for his children as outweighed all the crowns in the world—that, therefore, he could not comply with their request. For his part he would continue to do the utmost of his power to give the king, his nephew, such counsels as he should judge most conducive to render his dominions flourishing and his people happy, as he believed he had hitherto done to the satisfaction of the world." Richard's reply seemed rather distasteful to the Duke of Buckingham, who remonstrated with him, and told him that the people were resolved not to acknowledge as sovereign any of Edward the Fourth's children. If such were the public opinion, either the historians of the time or Buckingham must have been strangely in error, for the former uniformly represent that the people were not only firm in their allegiance to the young king, but were averse to the protector succeeding to the throne. Richard, however, now thought fit to alter his tactics, and to consent to what his noble servant denominated the unanimous wish of the nation. In an address, which almost immediately followed the preceding one, he said, "I am fully convinced the crown can of right belong only to me, who am the undoubted son of the late Duke of York. To this title is now joined the free election of the Lords and Commons of the realm, which of all titles I shall consider the chief and most effectual. From these considerations I receive your petition, and at once take upon me the government of the two kingdoms of England and France, the former to be governed and defended, and the latter, by God's help and my people's assistance, to be subdued." Immediately the cry arose, "Long live King Richard the Third!" To use Rapin's words (from whom the previous quotations have been made), "The comedy being over the people returned to their homes, making upon this occasion such reflections as were suggested by their respective understandings, interests, or passions." He assumed the administrative and royal functions on the 19th of June, 1483, soon after which he proceeded from Westminster to the Tower, by water; on the next day he rode through London with all the pomp and magnificence which could lend an imposing effect to the scene; and on the 6th of July he, as well as his queen, were crowned in Westminster Abbey in the presence of a large concourse

of the nobility, and with a splendour unparalleled in the history of England. But in the meanwhile where were the two young princes? Why were their claims unacknowledged?—was there no one courageous enough to assert their rights and baffle the usurper Richard? Alas! there were none. Edward V. and his brother were in safe custody in the Tower. The people thought about them, yet feared to plant the banner of resistance on the citadel of their uncle's power. Their existence, however, disturbed the king's peace, for so long as they lived, the public allegiance was divided, and he imagined (not, too, without good reason) that they might at some future day lead to his dethronement, and thus extinguish the cherished object of his ambition. Though this would have been to some men a most formidable difficulty, to Richard it was far otherwise. He determined to murder them—to sacrifice two unoffending helpless children, whose lives were pure as the mountain snow, and whose thoughts never aspired to the regal diadem. It would be hard to find an instance in which common humanity was less exhibited than in the monarch's treatment of his two nephews. The circumstances connected with the foul deed are narrated by an old writer in the following language:—"James Tirrel (who engaged to execute the king's orders) desired that they should be murdered in their beddes, and no bloud shed, to the execution whereof he appointed Myles Forest, one of the foure that before kepte them, a felowe fleshe bred in murther before tyme: and to him he joyned one Jhon Dighton, his awne horsekeper, a bygge, broade, square, and strong knave. Then al the other beyng removed from them, this Myles Forest and Jhon Dighton about mydnighte, the children lying in their beddes, came into ye chambre, and sodenli lapped them up amongst the clothes, and so bewrapped them and entangled them, kepyng down by force the fether-bedde and pillowes harde unto their mouthes, that within a while they styfled them, and their breathes failing, they gave up to God their innocent solles into the joyes of heaven, leavyng to their tormentours their bodies deade in the bedde, which after the wretches perceyved, first by the struggling with the pangas of death, and after longe lying styl to be thoroughly dead, they layd the bodies out upon the bedde, and fetched James Tirrel to see them, which when he sawe them perfectly deade, he caused the murtherers to burye them at the stayrefoote, metely deepe in the grounde, under a great heape of stones." Tyrrell having thus finished his dark crimes, rode to Richard, at Warwick, and "shewed him al the manner of the murther, who gave him great thanks, and, as men saye, there made hym knight; but he allowed not their buriall in so vile a corner, sayn that he woulde have theme buried in a better place, because they were a kynges sonnes. Whereupon a priest of Sir Robert Brackenburie's (who was then constable of the Tower) toke them up and buried them in such a place secretly, as by the occasion of his death the very trueth could never yet be very welle and perfightly knowen." It is thought these young princes were killed in the month of August, 1483, but the exact day is doubtful. That the act was really the result of Richard's orders, though disputed by some persons, seems beyond question: for besides the evidence furnished by almost every writer of the times, he richly rewarded the perpetrators, an act which alone implies that he wished to conceal his criminality. The people generally believed in the fact, many of whom well knew his disposition as formed of materials which would not shrink from doing anything calculated to promote his ambitious views. Shakspeare, in his usually powerful language and grand ideas, has formed out of this subject a first-rate tragedy. He has illustrated the piece in a manner deserving of every approbation, without, too, infringing on historic accuracy. Tyrrell's soliloquy, beginning with the lines

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of,"  
is peculiarly touching. He refers to the youthful forms of the murdered children, so beautiful in their infant innocence, silently reposing in sleep, and



then adverts to the doubts which filled the assassins' minds, whether they should destroy their victims. But money triumphs over conscience, and the unhallowed deed is finished.

Richard had now established his authority on a basis which he deemed perfectly unassailable, and as secure as the throne of an hereditary and popular sovereign. Pity it was that he should have arrived at the supreme point of earthly dignity by traversing a road so dark and circuitous, and have left so many victims to attest the cruelty of his nature, the barbarity of his actions. But though his whole life implies that the wielding of the imperial sceptre would alone satisfy his ambition, though his last few years were marked by a cold bloodedness peculiarly appalling, yet there were times in his history, even just after he thought the young princes' murder effectually settled the question of succession, when he manifested some feeling of remorse, and seemed to think that royalty was no adequate reward for the crimes which he had promoted. Such intervals were certainly not frequent, nor did they exert any perceptible and salutary influence over his crafty mind; but occasional and fitful as they were, they exhibited somewhat of his inner nature, the exterior of which has led mankind to paint him in the blackest colours. At some period in man's life, sooner or later, he is sure to experience the utter worthlessness of those pursuits to which probably he has devoted every energy, perhaps sacrificed every better feeling of humanity, and sorely to regret that he should have prostituted his noblest faculties, and allowed his passions such uncontrolled freedom. Are there not thousands who would gladly live their lives over again, simply for the purpose of correcting the evils, steering clear of the quicksands and rocks that beset their career? And Richard III., though wearing the diadem of the most influential kingdom in the universe, could not forget that he had obtained that distinction by a course utterly opposed to the people's rights. In common, too, with all usurpers, he was constantly apprehending some popular outbreak or some rival to the sovereignty. The nation at large never thoroughly liked him—they feared his cruelty; and the most potent of them raised no protest against his murderous acts. Should it be a matter of surprise, then, that a party should be formed with the design of dethroning him, or that it should meet with the support of the nobility as well as of the commoners? Assuredly not. Their ancestors had set them the example—they had deposed and elevated kings; and now their descendants, brooding over their misgovernment, and animated by the same spirit with which their forefathers were imbued, entered upon the mission of dethroning Richard III., Duke of Gloucester.

The conspiracy which eventually led to his downfall originated in a somewhat curious manner. The Duke of Buckingham, who had eagerly promoted his regal succession, having been deprived of some lands to which he thought he had fair claim, formed the design, seconded by one Dr. Morton, Bishop of Ely, a prisoner then in his custody, of deposing Richard, and crowning Henry Earl of Richmond, the sole surviving heir of the House of Lancaster. The most commendable point of the proposal, however, consisted in uniting the rival interests of the Yorkists and Lancastrians, by the Earl of Richmond entering into an alliance with one of the daughters of Edward IV.; a measure which was at once popular and reasonable. While these events were passing, the king was traversing the northern part of his dominions, with the view of strengthening the people's allegiance and examining into the judicial administration. It was at York, where the ceremony of coronation had just been repeated, that the intelligence of the conspiracy reached him. Richard was not the man to be trifled with, nor was he tardy in suspecting who among the nobility headed the revolt. With a promptitude for which he was justly distinguished, he summoned the Duke of Buckingham to his presence, but that nobleman sent him a refusal, saying, "he would not expose his person to his mortal enemy, whom he neither loved nor would serve." Peace having been thus broken, the insurgent party, led by Buckingham, rallied round his standard, and prepared themselves for an engagement with the royal forces. A variety of circumstances, however, damped

their enterprise. The duke was betrayed and beheaded, without the least form of trial or legal process. His followers at once sought their safety, some concealing their partisanship, while others fled to the Continent, and sheltered themselves under the pretender's banner. Simultaneously with these misfortunes, Henry Earl of Richmond had arrived off the Cornish coast, expecting to meet a goodly number of allies; but instead of friends, they proved to be foes, thickly studded along the shore, disguised, in order that he might land, and at once fall into Richard's power. Fortunately, Henry remained on deck, and thus escaped his rival's treachery. In accordance with the spirit of the times, Richard signalised his temporary success by resorting to acts of cruelty, wholly unjustifiable, and which were so decisive as to suppress all signs of conspiracy. But notwithstanding his attempts to gain the public favour, his administration was so unpopular that he was regarded with dislike rather than affection; and the people, reflecting on the reigns of the Lancastrian princes, longed for their speedy return. The king, as may be imagined, adopted every measure likely to strengthen his position. He concluded treaties with several of the foreign powers; he fitted out a squadron of ships to guard the coasts against Henry's invasion, and bent his undivided energies to the establishment of the Yorkist dynasty. About two years elapsed ere Henry Earl of Richmond again attempted to recover the English crown, but during that period the public opinion had been gradually leaning to his side, and to a like extent weakening the once firm stand occupied by the tyrannous Richard. At length, in August, 1485, the favourable aspect of affairs induced the earl to embark from Bretagne, and in company with some foreign soldiers, as well as British partisans, to renew his Anglican enterprise. The juncture was peculiarly auspicious: for not only were the inhabitants ready to receive him, and to supply him with requisite funds, but the king was daily becoming less popular. Henry, with his fleet, arrived safely at Milford Haven, where he was joyfully received by the Welsh. It seems as though the love of hereditary right existed pre-eminently in that nation; in preceding ages their soil had been the refuge of Richard II., when his throne was endangered by the insurrection of the Earl of Lancaster, and now they were the first to welcome the arrival of the last descendant of that noble house. Generously—ay, nobly—did they contribute to his success; cheerfully did they enlist under his banner. Their zeal was worthy of the most exalted object; their enthusiasm was deserving of every commendation. Richard, after recovering from the momentary surprise with which Henry's landing had filled him, lost no time in marching towards him, designing, if possible, at once to overtake his forces and defeat them. But every day he found his troops deserting him; a wide-spread disaffection pervaded the people, which, of course, gave considerable advantage to the opposing party. Yet, with all his failings, the king was a man of great military talent. He was well adapted to an emergency of this nature; he was fertile in expedients as well as brave in battle. He immediately perceived that rapidity of movement could alone save him: that the longer he delayed an engagement the more hazardous would be his position. He therefore hastened from Nottingham (where he was remaining at the time of Henry's landing), and marched towards Leicester, with the design of preventing the earl from reaching London—the possession of which would prove a serious obstacle to the preservation of his crown. The two armies appear to have had a somewhat similar object in coming to a battle as soon as possible. They met on the field of Bosworth, and there the destinies of the two houses of York and Lancaster were for ever settled. Henry's forces were numerically much less than Richard's, the former being about five thousand men, the latter twelve thousand. The two generals animated their troops with martial speeches, the nature of which does not require particular notice. The battle was fought on the 22nd of August, 1485, and for some time the issue seemed doubtful; when Lord Stanley, with his soldiers, who had not supported either side, suddenly arrayed themselves against the king, and made the banners of Richmond wave to the note of victory.

Richard, with his characteristic military courage, dashed into the thickest of the fight; he adopted every expedient to achieve success; he mixed with his troops, and by his conduct tried to excite their emulation, but in vain. At last, when he saw the enemy's ranks repulsing his own forces, he put spurs to his war horse, and galloped towards Henry. Before the two princes met in single conflict, Richard's career was cut short; for while fighting with terrible desperation, killing and wounding on both sides, he fell and died on the battle-field. His body, covered with the heaps of slain, being afterwards found, was thrown across a horse and thus carried to Leicester. For two days the corpse was exposed to the public gaze, after which it was unceremoniously interred in a church belonging to the Grey Friars, where Henry, in consideration of his alliance with the Yorkist family, "put over him a tomb of various-coloured marble, adorned with his statue in alabaster. This monument stood till the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII., when it was pulled down and utterly defaced; since which his grave, being overgrown with weeds and nettles, is become very obscure, and not to be found; only the stone coffin wherein the corpse lay was made a drinking trough for horses at the White Horse Inn, in Leicester."

Thus, after a battle which lasted scarcely two hours, was Richard the usurper deprived of the English throne, and numbered among the dead; while the sovereignty again reverted into the Lancastrian line of kings. The crown that the late monarch had worn on the field of Bosworth was the only trophy that remained to indicate his royal state; and which, when taken by the soldiers from among the gory bodies of their countrymen, was at once placed on the head of Henry Earl of Richmond. Like many of his predecessors in the hour of victory, and with the cessation of hostilities, a feeling of thankfulness overpowered all other ideas, and on the scene of the battle the *Te Deum* was sung, while the whole of the troops yielded a tribute of thanks to their Creator for the signal victory which had thus attended their arms. This appropriate ceremony had not long terminated, when loud shouts rent the air. "Long live King Henry!" was the cry which came, as it were by inspiration, from every man in Richmond's victorious army; and as the sounds grew fainter and fainter night descended alike on those who had perished in the struggle and those who had achieved the conquest.

The short space of two years and two months comprised the whole of Richard III.'s reign; nor at the period of his death was his age much beyond three-and-thirty. His appearance is described as being peculiarly repulsive; and while his features expressed the bent of his disposition, his body was fearfully distorted. Indeed, the latter gave rise to his surname of *Crook-back*. The great English dramatist has represented these failings in awfully-expressive language, which, if compared with the historical facts, appears open to the error of extreme exaggeration. But in Shakspeare's productions we may well overlook faults of this and of a similar nature. If there is one part above others which seems peculiarly effective, it is that in which the ghosts of the departed persons whom Richard had killed, rise between the tents pitched on the field of Bosworth; and, to use the king's own words—

"Methought the souls of all that I had murdered  
Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

Full of fine thought, too, is the dialogue that he holds with himself, the product of his fevered imagination, when these spirits, after reproaching him with foul deeds, have vanished from his tent, and he exclaims, in the agony of his perturbed mind—

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

Then again, when Richard, heroically combating Richmond's forces, has his horses killed under him, he frantically calls out—

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

as if everything depended on his procuring a steed, on which to meet the victory-flushed ranks of his opponents. But it would be easy to quote line after line, and paragraph after paragraph, and yet not half convey the spirit and grandeur of the original composition.

In forming an opinion on the life of the monarch whose career we have thus far sketched, it would be impossible to steer a middle course; either we must entirely blame or entirely censure the man. That medium track so safe in other things is not applicable to Richard III. His deeds are not only too notorious, but too frequently dark to admit of any doubt; nor does it seem at all consistent with the truth that any one should think favourably of a sovereign at once so ambitious and cruel. The very fact that every historian (with the exception of one, whose works have long ceased to exert any influence) has taken the same view of him, should have some weight with those who attempt to exculpate the murderer of Edward V. and his young brother, of Hastings and his own queen. If these be not sins heinous enough to prove of what material the perpetrator must be made, what more are necessary to exhibit him in the true light? Throughout the whole of his reign there was the same display of evil passion: we in vain look for one redeeming circumstance, one ray of light in his dark career. He seemed the very concentration of everything bad, as well in his social relations as in his regal capacities. The primary object of his life was the possession of the throne, in the acquisition of which he not only allowed full and unrestrained liberty to all the coarser passions of mankind, but suppressed and eventually extinguished all those better and hidden feelings of humanity, which even in some of the worst characters serve to throw a gleam of sunshine over their chequered history. When we reflect over the untimely deaths of the two young princes, of the unjust murder of Hastings, and of the suspicious removal of his own wife, can we for one moment refrain from execrating the monster who contributed to their several dooms? Even the assassins were moved to pity at the sight of two such harmless beings as Edward V. and his brother, and in their bosom a trace of generosity arose which had never found a home in Richard's. What, moreover, can be thought of a monarch who wished, and actually hastened, his queen's death, in order to ally himself with a member of the Yorkist family, so that the crown might descend from him to his son, and not pass into the Lancastrian line of kings? But the more minutely we examine into his actions, the greater do his transgressions appear; and we feel somewhat surprised that, comparatively enlightened as the people then were, they should have quietly allowed such mighty offences to pass unnoticed; or, at least, if our ancestors did notice them, that they had not sufficient moral courage to protest against them.

The celebrated Hume refers to him in the following words:—"The historians who favour Richard (for even this tyrant has met with partizans among the later writers) maintain that he was well qualified for government had he legally obtained it, and that he committed no crimes but such as were necessary to procure him possession of the crown. But this is a poor apology when it is confessed he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes which appeared necessary for that purpose; and it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation to the people for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder exalted upon the throne." There is, however, one feature in his character that deserves to be mentioned—the absence of licentiousness. In the early ages the standard of morality was not only comparatively low, but what did exist was little observed, and the higher ranks, above all others, considered themselves at liberty to transgress that standard as frequently as inclination led them. To the monarch, therefore, who in this respect forms

an exceptional case, we may well accord some passing tribute of approbation. Nearly four centuries have elapsed since he fought his way to the throne—since he perpetrated those crimes for which posterity deservedly execrates him—since he encountered the Lancastrian forces at Bosworth, and England, divided into two factions, paved the way to union and tranquillity by a fierce battle; yet one opinion exists as to the character of Richard III., the last of the Yorkist kings. When he expired amidst the shouts of Richmond's army, deserted by those upon whom he had bestowed multiplied favours, and at the period, too, when he most needed their aid, it may truly be said that not only had one of the worst of England's sovereigns closed a most sanguinary reign, and a long and chequered era of our national history then terminated, but that an epoch quite as eventful, distinguished as it was by the development of civilisation—the prelude to a yet more rapid progression—commenced with the accession of Henry VII. to the throne of his forefathers.

"Pennywick died in battle; upon his yet warm body fell his young son. The gallant boy sprang forward, sword in hand, bestrode his father's body for a moment, and then fell across it a corpse."—Extract from a letter in the *Times*, March 15, 1849.

IN TWO SONNETS.—By MR. CHARLES ROWLAND DICKEN.

SONNET I.

AMID the roaring of the battle cry,  
Foe meeting foe with dire and stern intent,  
With hearts of hope our bravest warriors went,  
Their strong arms nerved to conquer or to die.  
Among the foremost there, with eagle eye,  
His soul on noble deeds and glory bent—  
Which to his face a holy beauty lent—  
Dashed Pennywick, to death or victory!  
He fell—and o'er the loved and prostrate form  
His noble son, so brave, so bold in heart,  
Regardless of the cannon and the storm,  
Determined never from his sire to part,—  
Bestriding, then, the corse he loved so well,  
He faced the foe, and in the conflict fell.

SONNET II.

He fell as warriors fall. He met the fate  
By many envied. On his father's breast  
The gallant boy has found eternal rest,  
And sleeps serenely 'midst the cries of hate.  
The father and the son sleep well—their state,  
How happy, when compared with hers once blest  
With child and husband; now the stern behest  
Has left her mourning both the lov'd and great.  
Oh, wife and mother of the lost, thy sighs  
Are heard and echoed by the good and brave;  
And God, who listens to the widow's cries,  
Will hallow by His care the soldier's grave.  
They fell as warriors love to fall—in war:  
Bright be their rising as the morning star!



came before them, passed with stately step from the high altar, through the nave, and disappeared beneath the granite pillars of the portico. Against one of these pillars stood an elderly man, clad in the garb of a plain citizen, holding up the hand a faint, almost motionless, and nearly and becomingly stirred, and

## THE MUSICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

### A TALE OF RAVENNA.

— " 'Tis sweet to hear

At evening, on the blue and moonlit deep,

The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,

By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep."—*Don Juan.*

Among the various cities of the Papal states (Rome, of course, excepted), few are richer in objects of interest to the traveller, whose mind can cull flowers of memory from the contemplation of the men and monuments of the past, than the ancient city of Ravenna. The environs of this town forcibly recal to the eye that views them for the first time the vast and silent Campagna of Rome, to which the wide and cheerless marshes in the midst of which it stands bear much general resemblance. Between the town and the sea, whose waves once laved its marble terraces, but which has now, from various causes, receded to a distance of five miles, is situated the boundless pineta, or pine forest, celebrated in the verse of Dante and Boccacio, and which extends for upwards of fifteen miles along the dreary shore of the Adriatic. Through the sombre foliage of this gloomy grove the evening breeze, rising from the sea, sweeps with plaintive murmur, oppressing the ear of the wayfarer with its mournful music, and irresistibly drawing his thoughts into unison with its own melancholy strain. Such moments as these, in which the heart droops in sympathy with surrounding scenes, are not altogether ungrateful to the reflective pilgrim; they form a welcome relief to the tension and excitement of the mind which constant change of scene and the oft-recurring adventures of foreign travel seldom fail to beget; they serve to prepare it for a keener enjoyment of whatever may next present itself in the ever-varying panorama of men and things—in fact, as medicine to the body, sadness, it must be owned, brings vigour and elasticity to the mind.

The city entered, however, reality takes the place of reverie. The numerous splendid churches and monuments of marble, some of the latter mementos of the deadly feuds of the Traversari and Polenta in the middle ages, when Ravenna was an independent republic; the frequent Byzantine remains, which impart to the streets the air of a Greek rather than a Roman city; the constant memorials of Dante, whose exiled old age was here solaced by the protection and hospitality of the powerful Guido da Polenta, who afforded the living poet an asylum, and bestowed on him when dead a grave and funeral honours; and lastly, in our own times, the reminiscences of Byron, who, hurrying from his native land, stung by the sense of wrongs, fancied or real, sought in its gloomy environs a congenial resting place for his troubled spirit,—all combine to engross the stranger's thoughts as he sets foot within its precincts.

On a calm Sabbath evening, towards the middle of the last century, vespers had just concluded at the ancient church of Santa Vitale, an edifice of which Ravenna may justly boast as the work of the great Justinian. The fumes of incense curled gracefully around the branches of the silver chandeliers that swung suspended from the lofty roof, and to which the rays of the setting sun, breaking through the painted windows of the choir, lent a brighter, yet mellowed lustre; the strains of Palestrina burst forth in rich harmony from the organ, and died away in the distant aisles; and a gorgeous train of priests in vestments of scarlet and gold, and glittering in the reflected light of the tapers

borne before them, passed with stately step from the high altar, through the nave, and disappeared beneath the granite pillars of the portico. Against one of these pillars stood an elderly man, clad in the garb of a plain citizen, holding by the hand a girl aged about sixteen, also neatly and becomingly attired, and of the most striking beauty; and at a short distance might have been observed a third person, who kept stepping from behind the church door to peep at the parties we have described, and retiring precipitately, as if to avoid recognition.

The elder of the two men was Carlo Clarelli by name, and the girl, his only child, Valeria. Clarelli was by profession a violinist, a consummate master of his art, and an admirer of the celebrated Corelli, as its most able exponent, to a degree almost amounting to adoration. If any of his acquaintance presumed to couple the names of Valentini, Lully, or any contemporary master, with that of his musical deity, he would feel himself insulted by the allusion, and thenceforth repudiate all knowledge of a person who could show himself so devoid of taste or discernment. He would have endured any privation rather than have passed a day without playing one of his favourite master's concertos. With these renowned compositions he had become so familiar as to dispense altogether with the score; and his attentive girl, at his usual signal, upon the conclusion of the morning's repast, used to hand him his favourite Cremona, when he would sink into his chair, and closing his eyes, as if to shut out all other perceptions, proceed to execute some of these masterpieces, with a finish and brilliancy that could not be surpassed. Then, after lamenting with a sigh that his hand was not so obedient as in bygone days, he would fall back to enjoy his siesta, to dream of his cherished Corelli, and the art for which he lived; and from the exercise of which his soul imbibed such deep draughts of delight.

On quitting the church of Santa Vitale, which at that period possessed the finest choir of any in the city, and was consequently the frequent resort of all who admired the grand compositions of Palestrina and Pergolesi—those twin Handels of the Romish church—Clarelli and his daughter pursued their way homeward, followed by the third person we have named, who, observing them enter their abode in a neighbouring street, instantly turned back and disappeared.

On the following day a stranger, of noble mien and richly clad, called upon the musician, and, after introducing himself as the Count Rinaldo Palermini, expressed a wish to have the benefit of his instruction. Clarelli, whose refined ear recoiled from the drudgery of tuition, replied with a bow that he received but few pupils, and those only who had attained some proficiency; at the same time pointing to an instrument, and inviting the count to afford him some idea of his skill. The latter reluctantly complied, and played a few bars of a popular melody, but to the evident annoyance of the professor, who made a sign for him to cease, and observed that his visitor's studies had as yet produced but little fruit. "However," he continued, "as you have displayed some taste, and express yourself a devoted admirer of the art which I unworthily profess, and on which the matchless Corelli has shed the lustre of his genius, I will in your case deviate from my rule, and consent to receive you as a pupil, which act I expect you to acknowledge by unflagging zeal and attention."

A month had elapsed since the Count Rinaldo, as he styled himself, had become the pupil of Clarelli. A group of young men were assembled in a saloon of the musician's house, awaiting his coming to commence their lesson. Valeria, his daughter, seated at the harpsichord, is singing for their gratification a simple romanza, the composition of her father, a penalty imposed by the foremost of the pupils, who had surprised her unawares in the music-room. At her side stood Rinaldo, whose eye and ear seemed equally charmed by the beauty of the singer and the sweetness of her voice. The concluding cadenza had hardly died away, and the timid girl, blushing amid the compliments of the bystanders, was about to withdraw, when Clarelli entered, only to hear a repetition of the encomiums so profusely lavished on his accomplished and pretty daughter. Without heeding these universal commendations, he instantly commanded silence, raised his violin to his shoulder, and, after a short prelude, struck suddenly into

the eighth concerto of his favourite master, amid the profound attention of the company. This concerto, the most generally admired of the set, was on this occasion interpreted with an energy, fire, and intensity of expression that held the audience literally spell-bound from the opening bar to the conclusion. One only, during its performance, raised his eyes from the inspired musician; it was Rinaldo, who turned as if in quest of Valeria, but she had quitted the chamber unobserved.

"There," cried Clarelli, as he dropped his bow amid the loud bravos of his astonished pupils, "but now you were all in raptures with a trifling romanza, the foolish production of a vacant hour; but this, my children, is music indeed. Here the mighty master, Corelli, has poured out the treasures of his fancy in streams of undying melody: there is no music like this on earth, there can be no finer in heaven! Oh, that it had fallen to my lot to have heard their inspired author give utterance to the glowing beauties of these immortal compositions, I had then perceived how fruitless have been my poor endeavours to attain to their due and worthy interpretation! Study them, my sons, by day and by night; each bar will unfold fresh beauties, and, above all, this glorious No. 8, which is glistening with gems as bright and countless as the stars of heaven! Oh, that I could find the man who should afford me a more perfect conception of its hidden charms than, after a life devoted to its study, I have been able to attain; such a one should I cherish as my dear foster brother in art, the bright solace of my declining years, the welcome sharer of all I possess!"

"Of all?" repeated Rinaldo, in a reflective tone, as the old man concluded this enthusiastic apostrophe.

"Yea, verily, my son, for to such a one I would refuse nought; not even the hand of my cherished Valeria; and such a one only is worthy of aspiring to it."

"Then poor Valeria must wait long enough for a husband," observed Rinaldo; for I cannot conceive anything nearer perfection than the display of skill which has just delighted us."

"Nor I, indeed," echoed the pupils simultaneously.

"Ah! resumed Clarelli, you are all as yet but infants in art; you will find, as you mount upwards, that the ladder strengthens with every step; that perfection is a goal to which each day finds us no nearer; and that of the many devoted followers of our divine art, but one has reached the envied height—the great, the incomparable Corelli."

The artistic enthusiasm that glowed in every feature of the musician, and the profound sincerity of his manner as he uttered the foregoing sentiments, made a deep impression on the group around him; some of whom, for the first time, perhaps, were sympathetically touched by that divine fire which burns within the bosom of every real artist, whether painter, poet, or musician, and from which his genius imbibes inspiration and vigour. The Count Rinaldo, especially, was absent and thoughtful throughout the lesson which followed, and at its conclusion quitted his companions in silence and retired. He appeared no more at the house of the musician.

The current of our story now transports us to a solitary and ruinous villa on the shore of the Adriatic, between Ravenna and Rimini, a deserted palace mourning amid the desolation of surrounding swamps, and rocks covered with sea-grass, a scene familiar to the admirers of the genius of Canaletti and our own equally gifted Callcott. Wild vines and maiden's-hair curled luxuriantly round the yellow and tottering columns of this once splendid mansion; fig trees shot up from its floors, and in the clefts and fissures of its moss-grown walls sprang forth violets and the dun-coloured gilliflower. The upper story alone presented any token of habitation—its broken casements were carefully closed, and a passing light every now and then threw its glimmering shadow on the orange trees below. Within a chamber of the ground floor a fire was kindled, around which reposed some dozen men, muffled in boat-cloaks, and wearing the red cap

common to Greek and Italian sailors. Before the door of the chamber, another man, in similar garb, was pacing to and fro as sentinel, his drawn cutlass glittering in the mingled light of the fire and the moonbeams. Suddenly a casement above was opened, and a young girl leaned forward upon the moss-green parapet. She turned her pale face to the moon, and appeared to listen to the murmuring of the sea, as its waves broke sullenly beneath, and threw their spray in glittering clouds over the marble terrace that fronted the building. Now she would pause to catch the distant echoes of the gondoliers' chorus, and now gaze with eager eye in the direction of a small vessel that lay at a short distance off the shore, and whose white and loosened sails flapped impatiently in the night breeze.

"Valeria! Valeria!" whispered a voice from below, "I come to bid thee farewell. We sail this night for Cyprus, admit me, then, instantly, I implore thee—a minute's delay may prove our ruin."

The next moment the speaker was rushing up the staircase of the villa, and tapping impatiently at the door on the landing-place, was admitted by Valeria Clarelli, not as of old, radiant with smiles and youthful merriment, but pale, haggard, and broken-hearted.

"Oh, Valeria!" cried the intruder, "to-night's breeze will bear me on an enterprise so fraught with peril that I dare not even hope to return in safety; nor would I wish it otherwise, since all I love on earth fades from my grasp in the moment of possession; but ere I depart let me implore thy forgiveness for that act of violence which tore thee from thy cherished home, and the fond parent whose soul lived upon thy loveliness, to fret to death in this wild pirate's nest. Alas! from the moment I beheld thee 'neath the columns of Santa Vitale, my blood burned with love, my heart with longing. Each day that I entered thy home as the Count Palermini, under the pretext of acquiring that art thy father so nobly adorns, and there regaled my eyes with thy beauty, the arrow sunk deeper into my heart—my soul's madness drove me to force thee hither, seeing that the lawless pirate could not otherwise possess thee as his bride, but now to feel thee in my power, thy glowing beauty fading day by day, and thy heart cankered by unceasing grief, is a thought so fearful that I hate myself for having loved thee so fondly. Yet there is a corner for remorse even in a corsair's breast, and to-morrow be assured a trusty hand shall restore thee to thy parent. Adieu, Valeria! I go forth to danger, ay, to death—the hounds of his Holiness are e'en now upon my track, think sometimes of Gennaro Contini, the pirate, if only to forgive the wrongs he has done thee."

As he ceased he raised her hand to his lips, and fervently kissed it. Valeria bent her tearful eyes on his manly countenance, and replied, "Rinaldo—for I must still call thee so—I could have forgiven them all, I could even have loved thee—thee the outcast of thy father's house, the lawless pirate of the Adriatic, but thou hast, perhaps, broken the heart of the fondest parent on earth; my poor father could not, I am sure, survive our separation."

"Say not so, Valeria, to-morrow shall see thee in thy parent's arms, and if thy forgiveness depend on his welfare alone, then am I contented; and," continued the pirate, in a solemn and deliberate tone, "should I survive the perils of this night's adventure, I yet will try to win thee. Adieu!"

So saying, he hurried from the chamber, and as he descended the staircase Valeria, whose heart had been half won by the striking person of the pirate and his unwearying attentions as the Count Rinaldo, her father's pupil, and whose youthful affection her sudden and violent abduction had not sufficed to obliterate, notwithstanding the lawless character of her admirer's pursuits, went to the casement to steal a last glance at his departing form. Contini, as we must now call him, issued quickly from the villa, and advanced to the edge of the terrace as if to reconnoitre the vessel which, as above stated, lay a little off the land. In an instant a bright and sudden flash illumined the ruin, followed by a quick report of a pistol, and the pirate fell to the ground, and rolling over the edge of the terrace fell into the waves below. Valeria, sick with terror,

retreated from the casement, and sinking on a couch listened with terrified ear to the tumult now raging around and within the building. At length the long-continued report of fire-arms began to flag and soon ceased altogether, giving evidence that one of the contending parties had surrendered; and ere long the affrighted girl was left alone, the sole living tenant of the gloomy ruin, the victorious soldiers, in their hurry to secure the prisoners, having omitted searching the interior of the villa. Trembling with apprehension at the sudden silence which now reigned around her, Valeria again ventured to approach the casement, whence with fearful gaze she beheld extended on the terrace the bodies of several of the pirates, their ghastly and blood-stained features standing out in grim relief in the pale moonlight. Shocked by this appalling picture she again sought her couch, and overcome with grief and terror at length fell asleep. The next morning an old man in the garb of a fisherman tapped at her chamber door, and informed her that a vetturino with a waggon and a pair of mules awaited her on the high road, to commence the journey to Ravenna, and instantly following her informant, our liberated beauty and her trusty conductor were soon pursuing their way along the dreary road that leads from Rimini to Ravenna by the sea shore. On entering the latter city the driver suddenly stopped near the mausoleum of Dante. Valeria dismounted from the vehicle, and with a heartfelt *addio* to her companion, hurried on the wings of affection to her childhood's home. As she drew near the well-known spot her heart beat violently with mingled joy and apprehension, and prevented her for some time from knocking for admission. In this interval, however, her misgivings were joyfully dissipated; for pausing a moment to listen, the well-known tones of the violin gave a strong and sweet assurance of her parent's welfare. Clarelli indeed, whose existence knew but two sources of joy, his child and his violin, having lost the one, sought only the more eagerly for consolation in that which remained. He played at this time almost without cessation from morning to night, but the theme was ever *andante maestoso*, the plaintive wailing of his bereaved heart, dissolved in melody. At first the loss of his child had so overwhelmed him that he refused consolation, and prayed daily for death to relieve his sorrow; but the pirate having contrived to have conveyed to him the strongest assurances of her safety and speedy return, he became gradually resigned to a misfortune he hoped would be but temporary; and taking up his instrument, the peace which he had sought elsewhere in vain flowed with its tones into his heart.

He ceased playing as his quick ear caught the timid knock of Valeria, rushed with instinctive eagerness to the door, and in the next moment pressed to his bosom the wasted form of his beloved child.

"This is indeed a day for rejoicing," observed old Flaminia, the musician's servant, as she minutely arranged a repast, more than ordinarily choice, in honour of the joyful occasion. "They are talking throughout the town of the capture of the dreadful pirate Gennaro Contini; and e'en now as I passed the porch of St. Romuald, I saw a tumbril roll by, in which they said he lay dying of his wounds. However, living or dead, he is by this time safe within the city prison."

This intelligence powerfully affected Valeria, who, in reply to the anxious questions of Clarelli as to the cause of her agitation, bid him kindly partake of the refreshment before him, and after their repast promised to relate all that befallen her. Accordingly, the meal ended, she recounted to his eager ear how that the famous pirate Gennaro Contini was no other than his old pupil the Count Rinaldo Palermini; how as such he had sought her love, and how she had weakly listened to his protestations; how he had proposed to her to fly with him from Ravenna, and on her rejecting his proposal had laid in wait in a neighbouring street, and forcibly conveyed her to the dreary scene of her late captivity; but that relenting at the fearful effects of his violence on its victim, had, on the eve of starting on a perilous adventure, assured her of a speedy liberation; which assurance was, as we have seen, strictly fulfilled.



Clarelli listened in sympathising tenderness to the tale of his daughter's woes, gazing the while with tearful eye on her face, once beaming with health and beauty, but now pale and hollow with the trace of many a recent suffering. "Thank Heaven!" he cried, as her recital was concluded, "that remorse hath reached the heart of thy ravisher, and that thou art again within this home, so dark and cheerless in thy absence."

Thus speaking, he caught her in his arms, and covering her cheek with kisses, fervently bid her "good night."

The pirate Contini lay for some time within the city prison, awaiting recovery from his wound, which had been severe, to undergo trial and punishment for the crime of which he had long been notoriously guilty. The officers of the Papal power, incited by the hope of a reward which had been offered for his capture, used every effort, when they saw him fall wounded into the sea, as above narrated, to rescue him from the waves, and so produce him, living or dead, to the judicial authorities. In this they succeeded. It was whispered about, however, ere the prisoner was convalescent, that he was closely allied to a certain cardinal of great influence in the holy city; that a grave offence, the result of youthful folly, had compelled his sudden flight from Rome and his family; and that, left without resources, and hesitating between the career of a brigand by land or a pirate on the sea, he had chosen the latter as the most congenial to his wild and roving character. Possessed of great personal advantages and undaunted courage, he soon gained paramount influence over his associates, and becoming their elected captain, long ravaged the Adriatic, to the terror of all who traded to its shores. After a successful adventure he would visit Ravenna, Rimini, and other towns on the coast, to dispose of his ill-gotten merchandise, and being in Ravenna on an occasion of this kind had first set eyes on Valeria Clarelli. By the exertions of friends of great influence at the Vatican Contini escaped an ignominious death, and his penitent bearing during his captivity operating strongly in his favour, his punishment was commuted to imprisonment for ten years, which was afterwards reduced to seven.

One evening the musician and his daughter sat within their humble abode, talking over bygone days, and the events which form the subject of this tale, the former ever concluding with a sigh for those bright periods of his artist life, when, as he mournfully observed, his ear was ever quick and his arm ready. A great misfortune has meanwhile befallen the violinist, paralysis has stricken his aged limbs, and his favourite Cremona, once so eloquent, has become mute for ever. Valeria, now ripened into womanhood, is the sole bright object in a prospect where all else is cheerless and forlorn—the patient solace of the querulous old man, who, denied the gratification of his sole appetite, does little else but repine at his helpless condition from morn till night. Flaminia suddenly enters, announcing a visitor, and is thereupon followed by a tall figure enveloped in the folds of a Spanish cloak, and splashed with the marks of recent travel, who, bowing and raising his hat, reveals to the astonished Valeria the somewhat changed but still remembered features of Gennaro Contini. Clarelli stepped forward, as if to obtain a nearer view of his visitor, which the latter observing, said, in a firm but mournful tone, "I am your old pupil, the Count Rinaldo Palermi. I come to claim the fulfilment of a pledge given in this room years ago. I demand the hand of thy daughter,—I will prove myself worthy of it." So saying he took up a violin-case he had put down on entering, and proceeded to tune the instrument, Clarelli the while watching his motions in dumb astonishment. He paused an instant, as if to collect his energies, and then commenced the very concerto his old master had executed on the same spot just ten years previously.

When the first notes of the well-known music reached the old man's ear, he stood transfixed, as if by the influence of a potent spell; but as the performer proceeded, developing with each succeeding movement powers rarer than even he had ever boasted, his cheek burned, his breast heaved, and his whole soul drank in the melody he had so long pined to hear once more. As the tones

ceased tears fell quickly down his furrowed cheeks, his eye rested with admiring wonder on Contini, and he remained speechless with emotion and delight.

"The prize is fairly won," he at length exclaimed; "the pledge shall be fulfilled."

"Henceforth," said Contini, advancing, and taking the hand of Valeria, "let the treachery of the pupil, the crimes of the pirate, be remembered no more. I come, justly deprived of all that noble birth and kindred once promised me, and which I have forfeited by crime and folly, retaining nought but the name of that ancient house whose escutcheon hath, for the first time, been blotted by deeds like mine; I, Angelo Ruggieri, musician of Bologna, prouder of the art I have acquired than the nobility I have lost, come to claim thee as my hard-won and long-loved bride. During seven years of cheerless captivity, rising from my pallet of straw with the first ray of dawn that pierced the bars of my dungeon, I toiled hour by hour in the hope of reaching that perfection in thy father's art which he, years ago, fixed as the price of thy beauty, and which I felt would not plead in vain on behalf of the despoiler of his home. Heaven cheered my daily-renewed efforts with a bright vision of love and constancy that smiled on me from beyond the walls of my prison; and on my release I departed for Bologna, there to renew my labour of love; but now, with the favouring aid of the ablest professors of that famous city,—dost thou remember, Valeria, at our parting, I said 'I still will try to win thee?'—the goal is reached at last, thou art mine! Come, then, let us depart hence, where the deeds of my past life are yet unforgotten. In the city of my adoption a humble, yet peaceful home awaits thee and thy cherished parent, and which the skill thy love hath created shall be devoted to render more worthy of thee."

Valeria, her father, and Ruggieri—now adopting his real name for the first time since our acquaintance with him—soon quitted Ravenna, and, settling at Bologna, the fame of the latter ere long eclipsed that even of his father-in-law. At an annual gathering of professional friends on the anniversary of his nuptials, he never failed to gratify them by performing the famous eighth concerto, upon the conclusion of which he used to observe, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the company, "That's how I won Valeria!"

## SONNET, ADDRESSED TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

By MRS. CHARLES ROWLAND DICKEN.

THE sleep of childhood is a holy thing—

For the pure spirits, as they wing their flight

From realms of glory and from brighter light,

Rest on thy quivering lips with gentle wing—

And as the holy watchers wait and sing,

The sleeping infant, though with veiled sight,

Dreams of the vision through the solemn night,

Inhaling odours which the angels fling.

Sleep on, sweet cherub, and may pain and woe

Ne'er mar thine innocence in this world's race,

But may the joy which visits few below

Reign in thy heart of hearts and happy face :

A beauty those of earth can never know

Veils thy soft slumbers with its solemn grace.

## MUSIC:

## ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

## CHAPTER VI.

UNDER the name of masques Opera continued to flourish in this country during the early part of the reign of Charles I., whose Queen, Henrietta Maria, having brought with her from the court of France a taste for dramatic amusements, was continually laying the pen of Jonson under contribution, and not only had his pieces performed in the palace by gentlemen of the inns of court but frequently acted in them herself. Of one of these an elaborate account is handed down to us by Burney, who has derived his materials from a manuscript auto-biography, written by Lord Commissioner Whitelock. The masque was composed by Shirley in honour of the termination by his royal master of the prevailing discontents in Scotland; it was performed before Charles and his court in 1633, and was entitled *The Triumph of Peace*. As an ebullition of loyalty the end of its production was of course fully answered by its successful representation, yet the performance had an effect upon the destinies of the drama that few would have ventured to predict. A slight allusion to an episode belonging to the history of the period will render this intelligible.

In the previous year of 1632 the sentiments of the Puritans, then rising into ominous importance, on the subject of the stage and other amusements were embodied and expressed by William Prynne, a barrister of Lincoln's-inn, in a volume entitled

*Histrion-mastix,*

*The Player's Scourge or Actor's Tragedie;*

In which it is pretended to be shewen

that

Stage-Players

(the very pomps of the Devil, which we renounced

in baptism, if we believe the fathers)

are sinful, heathenish, lewde, ungodlie spectacles,

and most pernicious corruptions;

condemned in all ages as intolerable mischiefs to churches;

to republickes

to the manners, mindes & soules of men.

And that

the profession of play-ports, of stage players,

together with the penning, acting & frequenting

Stage playes, are unlawful infamous & misbecoming Christians.

All pretence to the contrary are here likewise fully answered

And the unlawfullness of acting or beholding

academically interludes briefly dis-

cussed; besides sundry other

particulars concerning

dancing, dicing,

health-drinking

&c. &c. &c.

The contents of this book are set forth in such amplitude by the title that it

is unnecessary to quote its contents further than to say that they reflected upon the reputation of all women playing upon the stage; and were consequently at once seized upon by the Crown counsel as subjects for criminal prosecution. on the grounds that the remarks mentioned were libels against her most sacred Majesty Henrietta Maria, who was supposed to be alluded to on account of her predilection for acting. A Star-Chamber prosecution was the consequence, and Prynne was sentenced to be put on the pillory in two places, Westminster and Cheapside, to pay a fine of £5,000 to the king, and to remain in close confinement until it was paid; he was, moreover, condemned to lose both his ears; and the entire sentence was carried out. The rancour of the judges on this occasion exceeded anything in history; but it should be remarked that he had offended the hierarchy of church as well as state, by attacking the ceremonies and innovations lately introduced by Laud in religious worship. This he did in the following characteristic words:—"The music of churches is not the noise of men, but a bleating of brute beasts; choristers bellow the tenor as if it were oxen; bark a counterpart as if it were a kennel of dogs; roar out a treble as if it were a sort of bulls; and grunt out a mass as it were a number of hogs." The enormity of such language in the eyes of rulers would easily be conceived, did not the language of his judges render it apparent. Of this a single specimen will suffice—"Mr. Prynne," said the Earl of Dorset, "I do declare you to be a schism-maker in the church, a sedition-monger in the commonwealth, a wolf in sheep's clothing; in a word, *omnium malorum nequissimus*. I shall fine him £10,000, which is more than he is worth, yet less than he deserveth; I will not set him at liberty no more than a plagued man or a mad dog; who, though he cannot bite, will foam; he is so far from being a rational soul that he is not a rational soul; he is fit to live in dens with such beasts of prey as wolves and tigers like himself. Therefore I do condemn him to perpetual imprisonment as those monsters that are no longer to live among men nor to see the light. Now for corporal punishment, my lords;—whether should I burn him in the forehead, or slit him in the nose? He that was guilty of murder was marked in a place where he might be seen, as Cain was. I should be loth he should escape with his ears, for he may get a periwig, which he now so much inveighs against, and so hide them; or force his conscience to make use of his unlovely love-locks on both sides; therefore I would have him branded on the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropt too. My lords, I now come to this ordure (I can give no better term to it), to burn it as it is common in other countries, or otherwise we shall bury Mr. Prynne, and suffer his ghost to walk. I shall, therefore, concur in the burning of the book; but let there be a proclamation made, that whoever shall keep any of the books in his hands, and not bring them to some public magistrate to be burnt in the fire, let them fall under the sentence of this court."

So much for the liberty of the press at that period. We have already stated that the above brutal sentence was not carried into full effect; but enough was done to avert the destruction of the drama under royalty, for the Puritans were awed into silence, and in the following year the effect was completed by the representation of Shirley's *Triumph of Peace*. Such was the importance attached to the production of this piece that a committee was appointed to manage the business, consisting of members of the four legal societies. Lord Commissioner Whitelock, then an amateur, had the charge of the musical department, and by him two celebrated composers, named Henry Lawes and Simon Ives, were entrusted with the composition of the music. He also selected the best English, French, Italian, and German musicians to be found in the Queen's Chapel and elsewhere; and the whole affair eventually came off with great splendour at Whitehall. The masque was performed on Candlemas Night, and the records of the period furnish glowing descriptions of the procession of the persons engaged from Ely House in Holborn to Parliament-street.

That it was a magnificent affair may be judged from the circumstance of its being recorded that the actors, who consisted of four gentlemen of

each inn, were drawn in four chariots-and-six. A hundred gentlemen of the inns of court, magnificently apparelled, and selected for the gallantry of their personal appearance, were mounted on the best horses with the best furniture that could be furnished by the stables of the king and the nobility. A writer of the time says, "The richness of the apparel and furniture, glittering by the light of the multitude of torches attending them, with the motion and the stirring of the mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid show that was ever beheld in England."

On the arrival of the procession at Whitehall, King Charles and his consort were so delighted with the show that his Majesty issued commands through his marshal that the whole might "fetche a turne about the tilt-yarde that their majesties might have a double view of them."

Of the performance, the following extract from Whitelock's chronicle will give a better notion than any remarks of our own:—"The king and queen," he says, "and all their noble train being come in, the masque began and was incomparably performed, in the dances, speeches, musicke and scenes; the dancers, figures, properties, the voices, instruments, songs, aires, composures, the wordes and actions, were all of them exacte; none fayled in their parts, and the scenes were most curious and costly. The queen did the honour to some of the masquers to dance with them herselfe, and to judge them as good dancers as ever she saw; and the great ladies were very free and civil in dancing with all the masquers as they were taken out by them. Thus they continued in their sportes untill it was mornynge, and then, the king and queen retiring, the masters and Innes of Court gentlemen were brought to a stately banquet, and after that was dispersed every one departed to his own quarters."

Such is the quaint account of the manager himself, whose liberality on the occasion does honour to his high appreciation of talent. He gave to Ives and Lawes, the two composers, 100*l.* each for their services, and rewarded the musicians in a spirit of commensurate munificence. His manner of conveying payment to the former was characteristic not only of delicacy, but a poetic feeling worthy a personage of romance. He invited the two harmonists to a collation at St. Dunstan's Tavern, in Fleet-street, and had forty pieces of gold placed in each plate under a napkin, much to the surprise and pleasure of the banqueters. The musical expenses amounted in all to a thousand pounds, and the trappings of the horsemen, reckoned at 100*l.* a suit, amounted to at least 10,000*l.* These expenses were borne by the King; the charges for the rest of the masque amounted to about 20,000*l.*, but these were liquidated by the four societies. Such was the Queen's delight at the show that it was repeated at Merchant Tailors' Hall, where a banquet was given to their majesties by the Lord Mayor and citizens, at the expense of his lordship and the freemen.

It is fortunate that royalty does not in our own day go so expensively to work. The taste for state theatricals is as existent as ever, but things are now-a-days managed more economically at Windsor than formerly at Whitehall.

The success of the masque decided the destiny of music, and Henry Lawes, though a composer of mediocrity, became a popular man; but we must not expect the lyric art to be at its highest when all the other arts and sciences were falling to their lowest ebb. His career is briefly told. His reputation occasioned him in 1634 to be engaged to compose the music for one of the brightest gems of English poetry. This was the *Comus* of the immortal Milton, written for the Earl of Bridgewater—a name celebrated in our own time for its munificent patronage of literature, at whose mansion the masque was originally represented.

It is not generally known that Milton founded the story of his piece on an incident that actually happened to the children of his noble patron during a residence at Ludlow Castle, Shropshire, where the two sons of the earl, Lord Brackley and the Honourable Mr. Egerton, were benighted in passing through a neighbouring forest, with their sister, the Lady Alice Egerton, whom they lost,



and could not find until the following morning. The author of "*Paradise Lost*," though a Puritan, was above the narrow-minded bigotry of his sect, and he immediately set to work to dramatise the affecting circumstance, and the piece was produced on Michaelmas-eve. What imparted a more than common interest to the representation was, the circumstance of its principal characters being supported by the heroes of the original incident; the males being represented by the earl's sons, and the lady by his daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton; then in her thirteenth year, but already distinguished for talents and accomplishments. She afterwards became Lady Vaughan and Carbury. Lawes was her music-master, and to her and Lady Herbert Cherbury, her sister, he dedicated his "*Ayres and Dialogues*," published in 1653. He himself acted the attendant sprite; but most of the poetry was entirely declaimed, as the only pieces which have come down to us as set to music, are the two songs "*Sweet Echo*" and "*Sabrina Fair*," with the three passages, "*Back, shepherds! back!*" "*To the ocean now I fly!*" and "*Now my task is smoothly done.*" The airs are languid and insipid, and destitute of both learning and genius; but such was the favouritism he established by his engaging manners that his partial admirers pronounced them as master-pieces. Milton himself complimented the composer in several beautiful allusions put into the mouth of the attendant sprite, played by Lawes himself, and who is made to say:—

"—— But I must put off  
These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' woof,  
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,  
That to the service of this house belongs,  
Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,  
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
And hush the waving woods."

He is thus alluded to by the elder brother:—

"Thyrsis, whose strains have oft delayed  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweetened every musk rose of the dale."

And also in this passage:—

"He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit and hearken e'en to ecstasy."

That the strains of Lawes could inspire such warmth of expressing would be a matter for surprise did we not reflect that the mere sound of music was sufficient for the inspiration of the early poets.

Milton was, however, by no means alone in his admiration of Lawes, for Edward and John Phillips, the poet's nephews, penned several poetical encomiums upon the composer, in Waller's first book of "*Ayres and Dialogues*;" but as that writer was himself a versifier of very inferior calibre we do not attach sufficient weight to his sanction of opinions to allow them a preponderating influence over those of Burney and other critics, who have pronounced upon the claims of Lawes an unfavourable sentence. The rational conjecture is that the composer's position and pleasing manners were the true sources of his fame; he was the pet harmonist of the amateur song writers of the period, and was constantly employed to clothe in musical garb the stanzas of such men as Carew Raleigh, son of the renowned Sir Walter "of that ilk;" Sir Charles Lucas; Henry Noel, son of Lord Camden; Lord Broghill; Thomas Carey, son of the Earl of Monmouth; Thomas, Earl of Winchelsea; William, Earl of Pembroke; and John, Earl of Bristol. With such a host of patrons no wonder that the best poets of the time sought to pave the way to a similar connection by attaching the crotchets of the same composers to their own lays.

Many of the songs of these amateur lyrists possess a degree of merit far surpassing the puerilities of modern times. Poetic thoughts and bold originality

distinguish most of their productions, of which there is an elegant and spirited collection in the books of "Ayres and Dialogues," and we cannot but feel surprised that a good edition is not published for the sake of the public. These might be rendered doubly popular by a re-publication of the airs of the original composer, for notwithstanding our qualified strain respecting his merits there are some of so graceful and flowing a character, and so happily wedded to the elegant lyrics which first called them into existence, that with modern accompaniments, assisted by modern singing, they would be found as charming and become as popular as the most recent strains of a Balfe or an Auber. We would instance a gay dancing measure in six-four time, entitled "Little Love serves my turn," which is entirely modern in its effect. Another, worthy of a place on the modern pianoforte, is the "Chloris yourself you so excel," of Waller, the words of which we quote, not only as an admirable specimen of the *conceits*, so fashionable in the amorous poetry of the age, but as the first English adoption of the prototype in Horace of the famous image introduced by Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," where the poet is lamenting the fate of a brother bard,

"Whose own genius laid him low."

The lines are addressed to a lady whom Waller heard warbling some of his own verses. They are as follows:—

"Chloris yourself you so excel,  
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,  
That, like a spirit, with this spell  
Of mine own teaching I am caught.  
The eagle's fate and mine is one,  
That, on the shaft that made him die,  
Espied a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.  
Had Echo with so sweet a grace  
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,  
Not for reflection of his face,  
But of his voice the boy had mourn'd."

These elegant thoughts have been clothed by Lawes with a degree of taste, imagination, and feeling worthy of Purcell, and marked by such "tender strokes of art" as to carry them to the inmost recesses of the soul. A few more with similar claims to modern favour may be adduced. These are "Lovely Chloris, though thine eyes," and "Dearest, do not delay me;" the latter resembling Arne's "Water parted from the sea," and both charmingly pretty. "Why shouldst thou swear I am forsworn?" and "Careless of love, and free from fears" possess the melody and smoothness of modern compositions; whilst the "Gaze not on swans in whose soft breast" is of so pleasing a character, that but for an easily-corrected defect in the rhythm, it would command an enduring popularity. Hence Lawes is certainly entitled to be considered an important link in the chain commenced by Ferabosco and Lanieri; he is therefore entitled to a brief biographical notice ere we dismiss him to follow the fortunes of the art of which he was a professor.

In 1625 Henry Lawes was admitted a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and a short time subsequently became one of the public and private musicians to Charles I. The establishment of the Commonwealth naturally produced the abolition of the monarch's musical establishment, and Lawes, deprived of his appointment, became a teacher of singing to ladies; but the prohibition by the Puritans of every species of musical entertainment reduced Lawes and his tuneful brethren to severe straits; and had it not been for the limited patronage afforded by the few of the higher classes who still courted the use of music in their private amusements, "the gentle art" must have become entirely lost. At the close of what is termed by Lawes, in one of his prefaces, "the sullen age," the composer recovered his place at the Restoration in the Chapel Royal, and

composed the coronation anthem for Charles II. His popularity now became greater than before, and he exerted the influence he thus acquired in the grafting of Italian music on the native school. This was a tribute to the mastery of Italy in the art; yet he was sufficiently patriotic to oppose his strongest efforts against the dethronement of national melody and the usurpation of its place by foreign strains. To aid him in this he had recourse to a practical joke, that afforded much amusement to the wits of the time. This was to collect at random a number of Italian sentences, and set them to music. These he caused to be sung as the last popular importation from the South, and no sooner was it heard than a *furor* in its favour was raised. The scholar descanted upon the smoothness and poetic feeling of the words, while the *dilettanti* indulged in spleen upon the coarseness of English tastes, and cited the newly-imported air as a specimen of foreign superiority. At length Lawes revealed the hoax, and by dumb-founding the learned and confounding the critics he silenced his most formidable opponents, and threw himself unimpeded on the tide of general popularity, down which he smoothly sailed until his death, in 1662. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Next to Lawes, our country is indebted to Sir William Davenant for preventing the absolute banishment of music by the Puritans from the land. In 1656 that eminent manager opened a sort of theatre for the exhibition of "*an entertainment in declamation and music, after the manner of the ancients.*" This was wholly in the English language, and accompanied with native music. The intention of its production was the gradual overcoming of the existing prejudice against dramatic entertainments, and thus predisposing the public to receive with favour the succession of theatrical entertainments which Davenant afterwards introduced, and continued until his demise. The experiment was perfectly successful, and was even connived at by Oliver Cromwell, who, although he had prohibited all other theatrical entertainments, permitted this without interference. A short description of it will not be without interest, affording as it does a curious insight into the manners and customs of the age.

We take our synopsis from the book of stage directions, which commences as follows:—"After a flourish of music the Prologue enters and addresses the audience in verse on the merits of the opera, after which a consort of instrumental musick, adapted to the sullen disposition of Diogenes, being heard awhile, the curtains are suddenly opened and in two gilded rostrs appear Diogenes, the Cynick, and Aristophanes the Poet, who declaim against and for publique entertainments by moral representations."

Then follow the arguments; but as our province is with the musical drama alone we will only select those portions of the dialogue relating to it. The following is the philippic of Diogenes against opera:—

"Would you meet to enjoy the pleasure of musick? It is a deceitful art, whose operations lead to the evil of extreames, making the melancholy to become mad and the merry to grow fantastical. Our City's ancient stamp, the owl, (which bears no part in the merry quires of the woods) denotes the wisdom not the mirth of Athens. I would have the people of Athens, from the mason to the merchant, look as grave and thoughtful as rich mourners. They should all seem priests in the temples, philosophers in the houses, and statesmen in the streets. Then we should not need to be at the expense of publick magistrates; but every one would be freely forward to rule another, and in time grow to such a height and ability in government, as we should by degrees banish the whole city; and that ostracism were happy preferment; for the rest of the world would soon invite us to rule them. Does not the extasie of musick transport us beyond the regions of reason? changing the sober designs of discretion into the very wildness of dreams, urging sober minds to aim at the impossible successes of love; and enkindling in the active the destructive ambitions of war? Does it not turn the heads of the young until they grow so giddy as if they walked on pinnacles, and often direct the feet of the aged from

a funeral to a wedding? And consider (my malicious friends of Athens) how you would look if you should see me, at the mere provocation of a fiddle, lead out a matron to dance at the marriage of an old philosopher's widow? Would you be delighted with scenes? which is to be entertained with the deception of motion and transposition of lights; where, whilst you think you see a great battel, you are sure to get nothing by the victory. You gaze at imaginary woods and meadows, where you can neither fell nor mowe. On seas where you have no ships, and on rivers where you catch no fish. But you may find it more profitable to retire to your houses, and there study how to gain by deceiving others than to meet in theatres, where you must pay for suffering yourselves to be deceived. This, Athenians, concerns your profit; which is a word you understand better than all the gramarians in Greece. And though the ways towards profit are somewhat dark, yet you need no light from me, which made me presume to leave my lanthorn at home."

The answer of Aristophanes would serve as a reply to the objections of certain sectarians in our own times. The directions for its subject are as follows:—

"He proceeds next against the ornaments of a public opera, musick and scenes. But how can he avoid the traducing of music, who hath always a discord within himself, and which seems so loud, too, as if it would, a mile off, untune the harmonious soul of Plato. Musick doth not heighten melancholy into madness, but rather unites and re-collects a broken and scattered minde; giving it sudden strength to resist the evils it hath long and strongly bred. Neither doth it make the merry seem fantastical, but only to such as are enviously sad at the pleasure of others. If it doth warm the ambitious when they are young, 'tis but as cordials warm the blood, to make it evaporate the evil humour. If it awake hope in the aged (where hope is fallen asleep and would take rest), we may therefore say (since hope is the vital heat of the minde) that it prolongs life when it would slothfully expire. Nor need Diogenes suspect that it may make his bones ake by seducing him to a dance; for he can only lift up his feet to a dismal discord, or dance to a consort of groaners or gnashers of teeth.

"He is offended at scenes in the opera, as at the useless visions of imagination. It is not the safest and shortest way to understanding, when you are brought to see vast seas and provinces, fleets, armies, and forts, without the hazards of a voyage, or pains of a long march? Nor is that deception, where we are prepared, and consent to be deceived. Nor is there much loss in that deception where we gain some variety of experience by a short journey of the sight. When he gives you advice not to lay out time in prospect of woods and meadows which you can never possess, he may as well shut up his own little window (which is the bunghole of his tub), and still remain in the dark, because the light can only show him that which he can neither purchase or beg."

After the above ridicule of the ascetism of the Puritans, the first part of the entertainment is wound up with a song, of which the following are the concluding lines:—

"Can age ere do them harm,  
Who cheerfully grow old?  
Mirth keeps their hearts still warm;  
Fools think themselves safe in sorrow and cold.

CHORUS.

Then let the sour cynic live coopt;  
Let him quake in his threadbare cloak,  
Till he find his old tub unhooped,  
His staff and his lanthorn broke!"

The second part of the entertainment will be found as curious and as interesting as the foregoing.

(To be continued.)

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The musical history of the month possesses interest as well as importance without parallel. Were we to detail the proceedings of the two Operas since our last we should fill a supplement, and then scarcely set forth all our readers would wish to learn. We must content ourselves, therefore, with leading features only, and simply detail the matters of history which it is essential our readers should know. The two great events of the month have been the production of the ballet of *The Lost Pleiade*, and the return of Jenny Lind to the boards of the Italian Opera, after a futile attempt on the part of the management to make the public satisfied with her unrivalled powers in opera without scenic advantages or dramatic effect. This did not succeed. The reason of the attempt, as alleged by those who are supposed to be acquainted with the movements of the *cantatrice*, was her intended connection with the Bishop of Norwich by marriage; but owing to the animadversions of the press she had the nobility of heart to repay British generosity with womanly confidence; and hence her return under circumstances which few women would have dared to encounter. All we need say is, that in accordance with the predictions we have set forth from the commencement of the season, Jenny Lind has returned to the stage, and will remain to adorn it until the end of the season. She appears in *La Sonnambula*, and the history of music does not present an instance of greater enthusiasm than that with which she was received. A new tenor, Signor Calzolari, was the Elvino, and he at once established himself worthy of that fame which Continental approbation had awarded him. In our next we shall have the opportunity of speaking of the intermediate efforts he may have made to establish himself a star in public estimation.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

At this theatre the best efforts have been made to establish a permanence of patronage, which ought to attend distinguished merit. Of these, the best efforts we can speak of are the production of *The Barber of Seville*, without mutilation, and the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, without mutilation. The first was evidently intended to forestal the appearance of Jenny Lind in Lucia on Saturday last; but without entering into a comparison between the merits of the two songstresses, we need merely remark that the success of Catherine Hayes in Lucia was complete. The charming symphony which introduces her appearance was loudly applauded, and the song that followed encoired. The same honour was accorded to the closing concerto of the act; but as this was not responded to the audience contented themselves with calling Catherine Hayes and Mario—who interpreted Edgarda delectably—before the curtain at the end of the second act. The same triumph was accorded to Tamburini, as well as Mario and Hayes; and in the opening scena of the third Catherine was not only encoired, but a second re-demand made; she, however, satisfied the audience by curtesying her thanks. We must not omit to mention that Tamburini re-established himself on his appearance in public favour, and was loudly called for at the end. An apology was, however, made both for him and Catherine Hayes, and Mario only appeared.

ST. JAMES'S.—OPERA COMIQUE.

Since our last Mr. Mitchell has again entered the histrionic lists with his admirable company from Paris and Brussels, and if an augury may be drawn from his opening night he is destined to experience a repetition of the prosperous season just past. The attractions have been unusually great, consisting of the representation, for the fourth time, of *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, concerning which our opinions have already been recorded, and in which Charton's Catarina and Coudere's Don Henrique were as great as ever. Most of the old favourites have been re-engaged, and we were delighted to find that amidst these Madlle. Charton and M. Coudere had not been forgotten. A new engagement has also been effected with M. Octave, *premier tenor* of the Grand Opera, Paris, and who made his *début* on Monday last, in Auber's charming opera of *Fra Diavolo*. He did not, however, justify the way in which fame had over-rated his merits, and his



success was far from complete. On Wednesday he appeared as Georges, in *La Dame Blanche*, without adding to the impression he had already produced. The sprightly little piece of *Le Code de Femmes* has been played during the month with success. *The Pré aux Clercs* is in preparation, and will comprise the names of Madlle. Charton as Anna; Madlle. Curiot, from Ghent, as Nicette; Coudere, as Commirge; M. Octave, as Merzy; and M. Soyier, as Cantarelli. A new opera by Boisselot is also on the tapis, and will introduce to an English audience M. Zelger, the *premier basso* from Brussels and Ghent; it is entitled *Ne Touchez Pas à la Reine*. Bouffé has likewise been added to the corps, and will be supported in his unrivalled performances by Madame Doche, Madlle. Lambert, M. Tétard, and other celebrated *artistes* from the Theatre du Vaudeville. With such enterprise and such a list of distinguished names Mr. Mitchell deserves the success to which he aspires. It will be seen that revivals rather than novelties have been the opening attractions of the season. By our next the latter will no longer have been held in reserve, and we shall be enabled to indulge more at length in our remarks.

### STRAND.

The sympathies of the public may always be relied upon at a period of calamity, and we feel quite assured that the lessee of the above compact little theatre will not have opened his doors in vain, seeing that they have been unclosed to afford refuge to forty-four persons who have been thrown out of employment by that most terrible of disasters—a conflagration. When the actor loses his home by fire, he loses also his bread; to be burnt out of a theatre, therefore, entails consequences much more afflicting than those which accrue on ordinary occasions; and it is indeed a fortunate circumstance to find a retreat at a time of such fearful exigency. The Olympic Theatre, as our readers are doubtless aware, has been destroyed by fire in the course of the month, and Mr. Henry Farren, the projected lessee, has opened the little theatre in the Strand for the purpose of giving occupation to those ladies and gentlemen who had been reduced to inactivity by the accident. Under such circumstances public patronage may be relied upon, particularly as the *corps dramatique* is one of high histrionic excellence, including the names of Mr. H. Farren, Mr. Leigh Murray, Mr. Compton, Mr. H. Butler, Mr. Bender, Mrs. Compton (late Miss Emmeline Montague), and Mrs. Leigh Murray. The opening pieces were *Founded on Facts*, Bernard's *Farmer's Story*, and the popular drama of *Robert Macaire*. Last week the veteran Mr. W. Farren was added to the company, and made his bow on Monday night in the admirably-written piece of *Secret Service*, in which he represents a Norman curate, who, on the verge of senility, is thrown out of bread, and engages himself as a spy to the police, without being aware of the nature of his employment. The trials of the simple but high-minded old man in such a situation may be readily conceived. He unwittingly involves his nearest and dearest connexions in a charge of conspiracy against the government, and throws the *dramatis persone* into all sorts of dilemmas. None but Farren could sustain a part with such varied requisitions on the performer's powers; and it is but justice to say that he exerted himself on this occasion in a style of surpassing excellence. The audience testified their approval by summoning him before the curtain at its fall, and he retired amid loud and continued acclamations. Mr. Leigh Murray made an excellent Fouche; and Mr. H. Farren, as his Secretary, displayed abilities worthy of the name he bears. *Petticoat Government* and *The Farmer's Story* concluded the entertainments. The house has been well attended every evening, and will no doubt prove a remunerative speculation.

### SURREY.

Our anxiety to uphold the real interests of the drama has induced us of late to devote unusual attention to establishments which have been injured by mismanagement, and which appear now struggling to elevate themselves above even their position of former times. Amongst these none have awakened a keener interest in our minds than the Surrey Theatre. Its noble size, its olden claims upon the public, and its varied fortunes, give it an importance which no course of bad management has been able to subdue, and which form a basis that must ever prove the foundation of success whenever spirit, enterprise, talent, and capital are brought to bear upon its fortunes. The time for this appears to have arrived. It dawned when Osbaldiston, Shepherd, and Miss Vincent formed a *tria juncta in uno*, but the three planets were unsuited to the same sphere, and a temporary occultation of all took place. Two of these gave way, and subsided to the regions where they were wont to twinkle, and left the Shepherd to the uninfluenced guidance of his dramatic flock. The difficulties of re-opening the theatre under such circumstances must have been great, but the lessee has sustained them manfully, and got

through the holidays in a style that has added credit to his reputation, with profit to his treasury. The opening novelty was *Alhamar the Moor*, a spectacle from the fertile pen of Mr. Fitzball. It is laid in the period of Ferdinand IV., King of Castile and Valencia, and turns upon the rivalry in love and ambition between Dorio Cavajal (Mr. Lyon), and Alhamar the Moor (Mr. T. Mead), attended by all the interesting incidents forming the materials for Spanish and Moriscan romance. Intended purely as a holiday production it answered its purpose; and the scenery, decorations, and acting ensured for it a remunerative success. *Cousin Cherry* succeeded, and introduced Mrs. Stirling as the heroine, after whom the piece is named. Of her success it is unnecessary to speak. The whole concluded with the time-famous pantomime of *Mother Goose*, in which Mr. T. Matthews proved that he deservedly wore the mantle of Grimaldi. During the following week these entertainments were repeated, with the exception of the Wednesday night, on which evening Mr. Shepherd took his benefit, when Mrs. Shepherd appeared in the play of *The Stranger*. A house so crowded the Surrey has not seen for many seasons, nor has that side of the water witnessed better acting than was displayed upon the occasion. Calls before the curtain, bouquets, and all sorts of honours were showered upon Mrs. Shepherd; and will lead, no doubt, to a repetition of the performance. *Black-Eyed Susan* followed, and re-established the popularity of its first production. Mr. Shepherd was the William, and Mrs. Stirling the Susan. Need we say that in the hands of these artists the most unqualified satisfaction was afforded? *Mother Goose* wound up the performances.

#### MARYLEBONE.

Uninjured by the neap tides which most theatrical properties have had to encounter, the Marylebone has sailed triumphantly on, and may now be considered fairly afloat on the spring tide of success. In the early part of the month its spirited lessee produced a regular five-act play, from the pen of Mr. Hughes, of the Adelphi Theatre. It was entitled *The Heart's Trials*; but its author, though himself an actor, had attended more to poetry of thought and classical propriety of diction than to the development of new phases in the great lunations of human character, and it was consequently more appropriate for perusal in the closet than for representation on the stage; hence, after gratifying the real judges of good writing for a week it was withdrawn, that the million might be served in turn. The taste of the million was, however, estimated at its proper elevation, for no melo-drama or common-place production was substituted; but the noble play of Sir Bulwer Lytton, *The Lady of Lyons*, than which nothing could have been more enthusiastically received or attracted fuller houses. Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport, as the hero and heroine, sustained to the full the reputation they have already acquired, and, in fact, added new laurels to the wreath they wear. A capital extravaganza, entitled *Guy Fawkes, or a Match for a King*, has also been produced with immense success, and occasioned immense laughter, not only on account of the humorous acting by which it was sustained, but the intrinsic wit of its points, and the grotesque nature of its incidents. The scenery is gorgeous, and the dresses and decorations of the most beautiful description. One of the main attractions of the month has, however, been the revival of *Capers and Coronets*, an interlude in the best style of French *vaudeville*, from which it is translated. The plot, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, turns on the dilemmas of one of the ancient French noblesse, who, by the death of a brother, has been elevated from the position of a ballet master to that of a peer of France, and who has naturalised in England to avoid the slights of those acquainted with his former position. He is recognised by a niece, and a contemplated marriage with a fair scion of English aristocracy becomes endangered. The Marquis le Grand Ville, which is the soubriquet of the *ci-devant* dancer, was played by Mr. B. Barnett, who has established himself as the leading actor in his line now on the stage; and the versatility and talent with which he worked out the various emotions intended by the author to be developed, were such as would have done credit to the consummate powers of the elder Mathews. This actor has the rare faculty of carrying with him the sympathies of his audience under every variety of emotion. He draws the tear at will, and checks it with laughter at pleasure. Now he excites the deepest interest; anon he fairly overcomes us by some *contre temps*, so ludicrous that all our gravity at his position subsides before our risibility at the result. This is the effect of consummate acting, and marks him as an artist destined to take a lead in his profession. The scene in which his enthusiasm is worked upon by his niece, until the pride of rank and the delicacy of position, are overcome, and he seizes the violin, and dances to his own accompaniment, is beyond measure one of the best things of the sort we have ever witnessed, and elicited

thunders of applause. The piece closes with the happiness of all parties, and Mr. Barnett was summoned before the curtain.

## DUBLIN THEATRE.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

Dublin resembles, in one respect, our own Metropolis; it eschews all that is inferior, and will have everything that is 'first class' in art and recreation. Hence no one will feel surprised that, after the openly-manifested approbation of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean by majesty itself, their presence should be demanded by the fair capital of Erin; nor will it be anticipated that the consummate *artistes* in question would decline so flattering an invitation. They appeared in the early part of the month at the Theatre Royal, in Lovell's fine play of *The Wife's Secret*; and were the state of the country to be judged by the appearance that night of its national theatre, no one would place credit in the tales of Irish distress. Our correspondent has furnished us with a lengthened notice of the manner in which the distinguished actor and his lady were received, with a *critique* upon their matchless delineation of Sir Walter and Lady Amyott; but as it is to be presumed that all our readers have had the opportunity of judging for themselves, we may be spared a repetition of the enthusiastic encomiums to which we advert. They have since drawn crowded houses to witness the entire series of parts in which they are so celebrated; and in leaving the place covered with laurels, they have added to their former triumphs the proud achievement of carrying with them the unqualified *flat* in their favour of the most critical and fastidious audience in Europe.

## LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

### TERMINATION OF THE SERIES.

This series of concerts, to which we have so often directed attention, has been brought to a close; again, we trust, to run a career of similar prosperity when its projectors think it judicious to renew the undertaking. In every point of view in which these concerts are considered they deserve to be promoted by the well-wishers of our species, inasmuch as their tendency is beneficial to a degree not always apparent on the surface. In the first place they encourage native talent, and preserve from forgetfulness our native music. They imbue also the people with a love of music not to be acquired in places within their reach, owing to the high charges for admittance to the operas. But, the chief consideration is that such concerts are all-powerful in weaning the public from those saloons and low theatres where the vilest description of the drama is exhibited, and nothing but the most depraved taste engendered. This alone is inducement sufficient to engage our pen in favour of similar projects. Once withdraw the mass from the *debasement*, and induce them to seek the *refining* and *exalting* in exchange, and a whole nation may become speedily elevated without any of those organic changes or convulsions to which states are too often indebted for their enfranchisement from barbarism. The man who can spend his evening in a spacious, well-ventilated, and brilliantly-illuminated hall, and hear Mr. Sims Reeves, the Misses Lucombe, Poole, and Birch, Thalberg, and other musical stars for one shilling, is not likely to long prefer spending that sum in the confined atmosphere of the saloons, where he is half suffocated with tobacco smoke, and half deafened by the yells of those who fancy themselves endowed with the gifts of song. This change once effected, the crying evils at the bottom of the social fabric would begin to disappear. We should have less drunkenness; less misery on account of the profligate expenditure of the wages of industry, and infinitely less of that brutality which appears inherent to souls unsusceptible of harmony. These are no day dreams; no speculative visions of enthusiasm; but the conviction of experience. Poets long ago have said that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and such is the undeniable fact. England wants but to be imbued with that one taste, and her promotion in the ranks of the human race must follow.

The principles of management on which the Wednesday Concerts have been conducted were most happily conceived, and well calculated for commencing the reform of which we speak; for not only have the gems of our national song been introduced from time to time to appeal to the *amor proprio* of the audience, but selections have been made from the higher schools of art, and we have nightly found such names as Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Weber, Auber, and others pressed into service, in company with Arne, Locke, Balfe, Bishop, and others of the host to whom we are indebted for what good music we do possess. Thus no sooner has a taste been created but means have been taken to improve it, and the delighted listener has unconsciously been elevated in a single

evening from the mere admiration of an English ballad to the appreciation of an Italian *aria*.

The Wednesday of the 18th instant furnished conclusive evidence of this. It was the night devoted to the benefit of Mr. Sims Reeves, and as the selection epitomised, as it were the features, of the entire season its recapitulation will spare us the necessity of going too minutely into specialities. It commenced with the overture to Auber's *Masaniello*, the quartette "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," then commenced the vocal department, of the entertainment, and was excellently rendered by Messrs. T. Williams, Binge, Irving, and Whitworth. This was followed by "When the sigh long suppressed," superbly sung by Miss Birch; as was the *cavatina* "Sweet sleep," by Sims Reeves. We did not think much of the *barcarole*, "Behold far o'er the troubled tide," by Mr. Whitworth; this was followed by Miss Kate Loder's performance of Weber's "Concertstück," on the grand piano. Selections from Mozart's *Giocanni* followed; but highly as we appreciated the music we thought it might have received a more genial interpretation throughout, save in the instances where the Misses Williams and Birch and the *beneficiaire* himself were concerned. The "Il mio tesoro" of the latter was one of the gems of the evening, and was rapturously *encored*. This was followed by a *solo* on the trumpet ("The Soldier Tired") by Mr. T. Harper, which elicited a most enthusiastic re-demand. Auber's *aria*, "Joy in my heart dwells," by Miss Lucombe, was a truly exquisite effort. No nightingale could have warbled it more sweetly. A little English composition, new to the public, then followed, entitled "Love's Approach," and was sung very effectively by the Misses A. and M. Williams; the composer is Mr. Vincent Wallace. Another new song, "I'm going for a soldier, Jenny," was also sweetly sung by Miss Nelson, for whom it was composed by her father. But were we to particularise every effort we should turn our work into a catalogue, and will consequently conclude with the subjects only which were *encored*. These were, "The Last Rose of Summer" "In this Old Chair," and "The Bay of Biscay, O," by Sims Reeves; and the "Kathleen Mavourneen" by Miss Poole.

### HERR STRAUSS'S CONCERTS.

We have no objection on public grounds, to English patronage of foreign claimants, to all nations, and of course we have none arising from personal prejudice; talent belongs, and should be encouraged in every corner of the globe—but *never to the exclusion or injury of native merit*. It is the bounden duty of every man to look at home and provide for his own children, before he bestows his means upon the offspring of others, and the same rule applies to the great family of an empire, over which the sovereign is less the dictator than the parent. With these impressions, we find it difficult to express our dissatisfaction at the recent re-appearance amongst us of Mr. Strauss, at a period when we are already overwhelmed with foreign artists, and when even in his own department we can boast of a far superior claimant to support in the person of M. Jullien, who having become naturalised amongst us, may be considered as the legitimate head of that species of entertainment which he was the first to introduce in anything like perfection. He is, in fact, *entitled* to hold that position, not only as chief professor of his art, but as one who by his exertions to improve and cultivate the national taste, has rendered the public his debtor. Moreover be it remembered that the concerts of M. Jullien are not performed exclusively by bands of foreign artists, but by some of the first musicians of Great Britain, who owe to his enterprise that employment of their abilities which they sought in vain before he awakened the spirit by which they are supported. Furthermore, M. Jullien proves that he caters for the million, by throwing open his doors at a price within the power of every industrious man to afford, whilst Strauss will not admit the humblest of his patrons under three or five shillings. Let us compare the entertainments which these gentlemen provide. Herr Strauss—and we speak from the programme of his opening night—performs ten pieces; one composed by Wallace, one by Beethoven, and the other eight by Strauss himself! In the concerts of M. Jullien we have the picked music of the whole world—from the quaint, but beautiful strains of Purcell, to the delightful melodies of our greatest modern composers—he takes the works of our Balfes, our Benedicts, our Bishops, and others, and either confides them to the interpretation of English performers, or to foreigners of such surpassing powers that jealousy subsides before admiration; and in all this the public sees that he has for his main objects the advancement of lyrical science and of social recreation. Which of the two has the greatest claims upon support need not be questioned; we grieve, however, to have to record that in the absence of tangible, or even feasible claims to being adopted amongst us, Herr Strauss has contrived to gain the countenance of royalty in his favour, and—will it be credited?—to secure a position in England, by ousting from their situations in the palace two gentlemen of

worth and acknowledged abilities, who for two seasons have been the directors of the royal orchestra at the state balls. This is a "plain fact." A British subject of high private worth and eminent musical abilities has been discarded to make room for Herr Strauss, a foreigner, without one excelling acquirement to justify the displacement.

Let it not be supposed that our wish is to detract one iota from the high claims of this gentleman to support and patronage—ay, and to a large meed of admiration—but the place he would assume in the public eye is already well and ably filled by M. Jullien—(a foreigner, be it remembered, consequently we are not partial in our remarks)—that of director to the palace band *was* satisfactorily filled by gentlemen of worth and talent; hence, in a homely phrase, there was no room for him. He is one of the world's favourite composer of waltzes; but Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and other places have each professors equally gifted, and if mere merit was a plea for our adoption of all who claimed our countenance, we should not be able to support half who visited us. No; something extraordinary must be set forth to justify us in such a preference. This has not been done by Herr Strauss, and we are therefore not surprised at the coldness with which the public have received him, notwithstanding the partial patronage of the court.

### WILLIS'S ROOMS.

#### JOHN PARRY'S "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SOCIAL LIFE."

On Wednesday evening the school of monopolologue reached its *ne plus ultra*. For some years it had remained without a master, and the "At Homes" of Mathews and Yates were already becoming traditional; but the destinies did not intend this always to last. John Parry has stepped forward to fill the vacant chair, and from the unanimity and high degree of favour with which the academical honours of Momus were bestowed upon him we have not the smallest doubt that he will year after year continue, as did Mathews, the line of mimicry, and reign the legitimate monarch of Polyphonists. The species of entertainment which this unrivalled artist has re-introduced into the circle of public amusements began with Thespis himself, who was the sole representative of the scenes he described. From that time downwards the delineation of multiple manners, and character has always been popular, a proof of which may be seen at every dinner-table, where the traveller and teller of a good story converts the remainder of the guests into an audience, and becomes himself as completely the cynosure of their wandering eyes and ears as though another Aristophanes filled the chair. The earliest mimics of any note in this country were George Alexander Stevens and the famous Foote. The "Lecture on Heads" of the former is still extant, as are the entertainments of the latter; but however happily they may have hit existing character, however humourously dissected the incidents of every-day life there was an absence of real wit, and a presence of vulgarity which leave them immeasurably inferior to the species of embodied lecture which they were the precursors. The "At Homes" of Mathews, written by Peake, did not greatly transcend the illustrative discourses already specified, and afforded scope for no higher powers than those of mimicry and dexterity of change. In the "Lights and Shadows of Social Life" Mr. Parry has struck out a path for developments not even contemplated by Mr. Albert Smith, the author—namely, the portrayal of character as well as manners, and the blending of individual peculiarities with social phases. We can pronounce the vehicle as one built of very sparkling materials, with its wheels of the most rapid "go-ahead" construction; and John Parry holds the reins so skilfully, and dashes along with such spirit, that he makes sparks fly from the very dust, and brighter, the duller portions of the road by the brilliance of the corruscations he himself occasions. The groundwork, the "lay" of his vehicle is exactly the same as that selected by the elder Mathews in his first essay, which many of our readers are doubtless old enough to remember was entitled "Mail Coach Adventures." The substitution of railroads for highways of course occasioned a similar modernisation of vehicle, and instead of Major Longbow and the lispng lady in the four-wheeled carriages of old, we have Major Johnson and his loquacious spouse along with John Parry in a snug "first-class." The identity of locality in the opening place of rendezvous is, however, immaterial. Travellers are always specimens of class, and where species is the target, and character the "bull's-eye," a public travelling-carriage is the best possible vehicle that can be selected wherewith to present them to the arrows of the archer. To pursue every link of the chain of entertainment would be to give an entire version of the text—and as our space forbids so liberal an expenditure of type on one subject we must content ourselves with a cursory stoppage at the salient points only. The major is one of the traditional school, and rings "treble-bob" all the while he travels. He takes a great fancy to Parry, whom he advises to give an entertainment, "I by myself, I," and offers to introduce him to spe-



cimens of character as materials. His lady, equally delighted, offers her assistance, announcing that she possesses a voice extending to eight octaves. We next find them at dinner with Percy Vavasour, a gentleman, who in his capacity of chairman, engrosses all the speechifying, but from a huskiness in the throat, and a habit of dropping his voice, leaves half what he says unheard. The wheezing efforts of this character were most felicitously given. The performance of a country band, with the mixture of classical motives and vulgar tunes is next illustrated with the happiest and most natural effect. The first part then concludes with the rehearsal of an opera, in which John Parry is afforded an opportunity of giving full play to those wonderfully versatile powers, that mobility of feature, and flexibility of tone for which he has no living equal. He represents the "Soprano sfogato," the "Basso profundo," and the "Primo tenore," changing his dress with each, and rendering the delusion complete. The commencement of the second part introduces us to a pic-nic party. It would have been more judicious for this to have commenced the entertainment, as it then would have borne the stamp of originality, of which it is now somewhat deficient. However, it causes the conclusion to atone by its freshness for the absence of it in the beginning. The party of course has its "Lion," who wears moustachios, and can do everything, from the composition of a national ballad to that of a "Sea Serpent Polka," descriptive of the undulatory motions of the aquatic monster. This, and an imitation of the cornet-a-piston, afforded John Parry one of the happiest opportunities for displaying his humorous powers and that wonderful flexibility of voice and executive dexterity which enable him to modulate his tones to each and every register. The next scene is in Switzerland, where the loves of the mountaineers, with the illustrations of Swiss melody, are delineated with all the charms of truthfulness and pathos. A graphic scene in a French diligence winds up the panoramic display of "Lights and Shadows" with happy effect, and in which is introduced, to the laughter of the audience, "A troublesome gentleman," who sports cruel French, and is continually disturbing the passengers by searching under the seat for a lost packet. An imitation of the ophecleide, on a paper cone, is most curiously executed—whilst Mr. Parry at the same time performs a vocal and instrumental duet. This triple achievement produced thunders of applause, and stamped the fate of an experiment that, we doubt not, is destined to be successfully repeated for a long series of years.

#### THE COSMORAMA ROOMS.

We are aware of no locality where a greater variety of interesting sights has been viewed than at the rooms attached to the Cosmorama in Regent-street. In the course of the last few months we have had a rapid succession; and, next to the Egyptian Hall, it seems to be the favourite abiding place of all who have anything beautiful or rare to submit to the public. The Genoa crucifix, Indian paintings, a giant and a dwarf, have successively and successfully attracted the sight-seers of the Metropolis; and, to crown all, the Cosmorama itself has renewed its attractions by the substitution of a new series of views, which no one should miss seeing. They are *morceaux* of the pencil such as seldom gratify the eye of taste, and such is their beauty that they who go with the intention of merely lounging away an hour, remain a morning, that by a lengthened scrutiny of the objects before them they may become instructed as well as delighted. Who has not read in the stirring narratives of history, or the more glowing pages of romance, descriptive accounts of Rome, Venice, and Jerusalem? and who, in perusing them, has not felt a yearning at heart to stand personally upon spots so lovely? Few doubtless but have felt such longing, and to such we principally address ourselves, and advise them to gaze upon and study the masterly delineations of which we speak. The interior of Saint Peter's is one that will fill every spectator with awe as well as admiration, conveying, as it does, an impression of vastness as well as beauty such as no common mind is wont to conceive. The Kamshatkan Village is another charmingly done picture, and full of interest; but the noblest in the collection are the Lakes of the Four Cantons, the Acropolis of Athens, and the gigantic head of Memnon on the plains of Thebes. These are subjects on which all feel curiously, and we cannot too strongly recommend the reader to indulge it "to the top of his bent."

The next exhibition in the Cosmorama Rooms to which we would direct attention is Mr. Taylor's representation of Windsor Castle. It has been, no doubt, often noticed by the readers of this miscellany that in noticing works of art we are not actuated by a mere wish to describe what we have seen, but to enter into the purposes and uses of art, and of the probable consequences of its encouragement. Hence the remarks appended to a small exhibition may frequently extend to a much greater length than those indulged in respecting works of greater magnitude. This will apply to what we propose saying

concerning Windsor Castle, which, though a candidate of small pretensions, suggests important reflections. The boast of this country is that every man's house is his castle; and we certainly must concede to Her Majesty the Queen Victoria the same privilege of enjoying the seclusion of her own home as we should demand for the owner of a cottage. Windsor Castle is the Queen's house, and a nice house it is; but then it is so much grander than other houses, and so stored with the mightiest works of art, and so full of influences on the mind and taste that it is rather a tantalising reflection to think that the privilege of viewing them should be so exclusive. This is remedied by the view under notice.

For its fidelity we can ourselves vouch, as we have traversed every spot depicted, and been eye-witness to the original scenes. The patterns of the carpets, the furniture, the walls, the ceilings, the paintings, and even the most trifling *minutiae*, are presented with an accuracy that astounded us; and we had not been many minutes in the place before we actually felt as if we again stood beneath the roof which we had heard pronounced by princely lips as the most really stately shelter in the world. The very arrangement of the furniture was as we saw it yesterday. There stood the chair worked by her Majesty; yonder was a print-stand, at which herself and consort had been engaged. But what added an absorbing interest to the whole, was the introduction of the royal family in the different apartments, engaged in those occupations which, however beautiful to contemplate, must be for ever inaccessible to the eye of curiosity. This gave a reality, a *vérité* to each scene that perfected the whole. In one room the Queen and children are at play, while "grandmamma" is just popping in to pay them a visit. In another, her Majesty and Prince Albert are occupied in those tasteful pursuits for which they are so eminent. In a third, the blaze of splendour is lit up by a thousand candelabra, and we see the court enjoying its evening recreation of music. Further on the Queen is holding a chapter for the installation of a Knight of the Garter. Next we see Louis Philippe receiving Sir Peter Laurie and the rest of our civic dignitaries. Beyond this we are invited to attend the christening of the prince in the Royal Chapel; and on quitting the Castle we are allowed a near view of the arrival of visitors by moonlight; the pale orb of heaven being beautifully contrasted by the effulgence of artificial lights through the embazoned windows of the Castle. In short, we cannot speak too highly of the affair, and we very cordially recommend it to all for whom beauty, magnificence, and taste have charms. The last attraction to be noticed at these rooms, is that of one of the numerous race of pigmies who have sought and found in this country the fostering aid of patronage. England delights to have a *hæsus nature* to talk about, and that this taste has always existed may be gathered from innumerable passages in the works of our elder dramatists, in which allusions are continually made to the attractions of giants, dwarfs, and monsters of the deep. The novelty of which we now speak is the famous dwarf, Van Tromp, who is well worth visiting.

### COLOSSEUM AND CYCLORAMA.

Notwithstanding the frequent mention we have made of this magnificent exhibition, it is due to our holiday readers to remind them that no Metropolitan tour of pleasure can be complete that does not include a visit to the Colosseum within its range. The view of Paris by Moonlight has not its fellow in Europe. Other paintings lose by scrutiny; but the longer and more fixed our gaze upon this the stronger becomes our impression of its reality. To those who have visited France the painting will prove an admirable refresher of the memory; while persons who have not yet crossed the Channel will at a glance conceive a more perfect idea of what Paris is than could be conveyed by the most laboured description.

In addition to this, the caves and parterres through which visitors are invited to ramble are alone sufficiently attractive to induce a visit to this delightful haunt of fashion. Added to these, the Cyclorama is deserving of honourable mention. It consists of a series of views along the road conducting to Lisbon, and terminates with a graphic and terrible illustration of the frightful earthquake by which that noble city was devastated and overthrown. We do not hesitate to say that in no previous instance have we ever seen delusion so closely approach reality.

### DIORAMA.

The present is an era of art. Our painters are not now, as formerly, merely content with producing a picture faithfully drawn and admirably executed, but they have recourse to mechanical aid and optical effects to complete the delusion. We have nowhere a more successful instance of this than in the view of the Valley of Rosenlani, now ex-

hibiting at the Diorama, and which is aided by auxiliaries of the above description, such as surpass anything in the scenic way that we ever before beheld, and even transcend the bygone landscapes of the Diorama itself. It commences with a view of the valley by daylight, over which a storm breaks, and the lightning is seen flashing from height to height of the mountains. After this a calm ensues, and as evening closes upon the scene the spectator is restored to the tranquillity with which it first met his view. Nothing more sublime or beautiful can be imagined. The mountainous character of the scenery, the beauty of its features, and the exquisite manner in which they are painted, are calculated equally to impress the connoisseur and the simple admirer of nature. The Church of Santa Croce is another view which we would recommend our readers to witness.

### BURFORD'S PANORAMA.

If the admirable paintings of Mr. Burford do not rival other productions in magnitude they are certainly entitled to admiration as works of art. We visit and re-visit the place just as a man will day after day pursue the same walk that he may renew the delight it at first afforded him. Paris, Pompeii, and Switzerland, are the three views which still continue to attract the lovers of fine scenery, and it would be ungenerous were we not to confess that on each visit we discover some new beauty and some additional incentive to go again.

### THE AMERICAN PANORAMAS.

These gigantic productions continue to run the race of emulation with undiminished success. Like rival steam-boats, they pursue the same track, but favour different landing-places. This we apprehend to be the principal cause of their dissimilarity in various instances. It has been asserted that Mr. Banvard has, in many instances, relied more upon imagination than memory; and, to corroborate this, Mr. Catlin has written a letter to Professor Risley, wherein the renowned Transatlantic traveller points out departures from nature which could not possibly have accrued had the artist in all instances sketched from reality. We of course have no bias on either side, and must leave the public to judge for themselves. Each has been well attended during the month; and will continue for some time to prove stock attractions. Mr. Banvard has had the honour of exhibiting his work before the Queen, at Windsor; whilst Professor Risley has been visited in the Metropolis by the Duke of Wellington, and a host of others, forming the arbiters of public taste. This proves that the exhibition is worthy of exalted notice, and we hence infer that it is likely to become a permanent acquisition to the stock of attraction with which the Metropolis abounds. Now that fine weather is approaching, the concourse of spectators is likely to increase daily; we would, therefore, advise those who are desirous of witnessing these curiosities of art, to do so before the time arrives when they cannot gratify their curiosity without inconvenience.

### REVOLVING PANORAMA OF CALIFORNIA.

(HAREWOOD ROOMS, OXFORD-STREET.)

It is particularly amusing to see the avidity with which our artists and speculators seize upon every subject that happens to attract public attention. Sometimes, however, the idea is not awakened until some one sets an example, and then it is followed with an enthusiasm that gives the imitator the dignity almost of an originator. This is the case with regard to the above exhibition. No sooner did the American Panorama lay claim to public approbation, than lo! the proprietors of this exhibition resolved to start something equally attractive. We will not stay to inquire into the fidelity of the painting, nor will we ask the delicate question "Has there been time to go to California, paint a series of sketches, and produce a panorama therefrom?"—that is the business of Mr. Van Huren. All we have to deal with is the merits of the exhibition; and as far as it is to be judged as a work of art we feel bound to pronounce it worth seeing. It professes to represent above two hundred miles of coast and inland scenery, extending from Cape Del Carmello to Fremont's Lake. True or otherwise, the painting is well worth a visit. It is illustrated by a lecture delivered by Mr. Rugby Trader; and to add to its interest fifty specimens of pure gold dust are presented to the ladies in the reserved seats.

OUR MUSICAL REVIEW.

JULLIEN AND CO.

**EINDRUCK AND AUSDRUCK.** Six German Songs, for Voice and Piano. Words by various authors. Music by Angelina.—We have for some months past had occasion to notice the public performance of various works of this gifted composer, during which we have felt considerable surprise that they have not been presented to the musical world in a published form, so as to bring them within the reach of private circles. At length our wishes have been fulfilled, and we see before us the entire series. We more particularly allude to the "Solitude," and "The Fish of the Rhine," the words of both of which have been quoted in our pages. The first-mentioned melody was originally heard by the arbiters of taste in Brighton. It was performed by Herr Kœnig, and created a sensation that warranted its repetition within the walls of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Such was its increased effect in London that every pianoforte player became immediately clamorous for a copy arranged for the pianoforte.

Owing to the sensation produced by the above composition, it was deemed desirable by the conductors of the Wednesday Concerts to produce a work from the same source at Exeter Hall, and the result was, "The Fishes of the Rhine;" forming No. 4 of the present series. Our remarks on that occasion preclude the necessity of repetition here.

To begin, however, with the series. The first on the list is Uhland's "Ständchen," which Archer Gurney has translated, under the title of "The Serenade. The theme is a little curiosity of literature, and represents an expiring girl, who, in the dream of fading existence, fancies that she hears the strains of an unearthly melody, welcoming her to Paradise. Her mother is, of course, as deaf to the sound as Gertrude is blind to the phantom viewed by Hamlet; upon which the maiden replies that the song is one of angels, and is intended as her welcome to Paradise. A thought so exquisitely poetical seldom enters the compositions of even the German writers; and we must do Mr. Archer Gurney the justice of saying that he has caught the spirit of the original with kindred powers. But what shall we say respecting the strains to which the words are linked? Few composers, save men like Von Weber, Meyerbeer, or Mendelssohn, would be hardy enough to venture upon a subject having death, eternity, the girl's fancies, and the matron's wail, with the song of angels for its theme. But Angelina, in the true spirit of inspiration, has transformed these very difficulties into triumphs, and rendered them the medium for a display of originality which promises highly for our gratification hereafter.

No. 2, is the "Schwedisches Wiegen Lied," or Swedish lullaby, with which the crones of Germany are wont to lull their charges to rest. It represents the progress of a sledge through a wild waste of country, until it reaches a land of toys and bright things such as would form the Utopia of infancy. This is another subject of great difficulty, and has afforded scope for the achievement of another signal victory by Angelina. It will not at all surprise us to hear the quaint and curious air adopted by the young matrons of our own land, as the strains are such as speak to the heart; they will, nevertheless, give us much delight in the concert-room, or at the pillow of babyhood.

"The Prayer for Peace," (from the "Gebut um Friedem," of Immerman) stands No. 3 in the selection. The music of this charming piece would be sufficiently expressive of the theme without the words; it invokes the protection of Omnipotence on the head of a friendless suppliant, and whether we view it as the inspiration of pure devotion or maidenly feeling, it equally appeals to the head, the heart, and the soul of the hearer.

No. 4 we have already specified. No. 5 is the "Das Sterbende Vöglein" of Kühn, whose pictures of domestic life have acquired for him a deserved celebrity. The English version bears the title of "The Neglected One," and is supposed to be the address of a starving bird to its negligent master. The selection of subjects so wide from the common-places of song is one of the most forcible indications of the daring nature of Angelina's genius. We never find the strains of that composer united to the namby-pamby effusions with which poetasters are in the habit of inundating the town. There must be something peculiar even in pathos, and eccentric in the very wildness of Germanism, before it can strike Angelina's fancy. The last is a song by Rückert, entitled "Das biche Bild," ("The Portrait") and is another expression of that peculiar school of sentiment which generally captivates the fancy of this composer, and in which also she

contrives once more to introduce peculiarity of effect, by the progression of fifths in the opening part of the melody between the bass of the chord in the dominant and the part for the voice. The effect is strikingly beautiful, and encourages us to look forward to a period when some mighty and original work will place the name of Angelina on the records of fame with other children of art who, in transgressing ordinary rules, elevated harmony and improved its beauties. We must not, in justice to Mr. Gurney, omit to remark upon the felicitous manner in which he has rendered the original of these songs into English without violating their spirit.

#### EWER AND CO.

**SIXES LIEDER**—Mit Begleitung des Pianoforte, von Carl Meyer.—We imagine this to be a portion of a series of works now publishing by Cranz, of Hamburg, and which are extensively and popularly known as the "Songs of the Students." One character, however varied in expression, pervades the whole; they may consequently be reviewed in a class. The collection before us is six in number, severally entitled, "Lied von Giebel," "In der Fremde," "Wenn sich zwei Herzen Scheiden," "Wald Hat Ohren," "Ein Lied Vom Grünen Kranze," and "Wanderlied." What is intended to be expressed we are at a loss to make out, as there are no marks of expression in one of the productions, which are in several instances literally the composition of students themselves, and are just the description of things we should expect to hear from the lips of a class of wild enthusiastic young men in their idle and wanton rambles.

**MENDELSSOHN'S WAR MARCH AND QUARTET IN "ATHALIE."** Arranged for the Harp and Piano by J. Balsir Chatterton.—We feel imperatively called upon to notice the admirable arrangements of Mr. Chatterton, the well-known harpist to her Majesty, and who has succeeded in placing before the public a selection from the divine original which ought to be placed on every music-stand where the best works are appreciated. The quartette and the war march are noble specimens of skill; and when it is borne in mind the difficulties which beset the entire composition, great credit is due for the manner in which the infrequent achievement has been performed of setting classical music for the harp or piano. For ourselves, we do not consider the work as one suitable for single instruments, or likely to be effective.

#### MUSICAL BOUQUET OFFICE.

**THE MUSICAL BOUQUET PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION BOOK.**—This is a book that will not be simply purchased as one of many useful manuals of instruction; but it will be caught up by the multitudes of the nation; beginning with those who wish to give their children a musical education as inexpensively as possible, and ending with the classes who care not whether the price be high or low, so long as the matter imparted be of the first quality. There is not a teacher who will not be delighted, by the aid of this book, to spare himself the bulk of those wearisome labours which attend the elementary portion of musical instruction. There is not a parent who will not be equally rejoiced at the facility thus afforded for bestowing a musical education upon his offspring without fettering their intellects and embarrassing their progress with the usual crowd of superfluous lessons which are almost incomprehensible to the teachers themselves. There is not an enthusiast who is his own instructor that will not hail it with transport. There is not, in short, a true lover of music in existence who will not receive the work as a species of viaduct by which the gulf of years may be crossed in a few months, and the period thus abridged that has heretofore been essential to proficiency, and entered into many valuable years of a life-time. It is characterised throughout by amplitude of instruction, condensed in the briefest space, and imparted with a simplicity and perspicuity comprehensible by the humblest intellect. It commences with a series of general musical axioms from various sources, which learners will do well to remember. This is followed by a dictionary of musical terms, with an explanation of their abbreviations, and then follows the introduction, scales, fingered exercises, and examples from the best works of Clementi, Cramer, Czerny, Bertini, Moscheles, and Hertz, with a beautiful collection of the various standard melodies from Mendelssohn, Weber, Mozart, Rossini, Haydn, Spohr, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Cherubini, Donizetti, and Auber. In short, the compiler has brought together in his instructions the best features of the best elementary books in existence.



# LITERARY MIRROR.

**CORRESPONDENCE OF SCHILLER WITH KÖRNER**; comprising Sketches and Anecdotes of Goethe, the Schlegels, Wieland, and other contemporaries. With Biographical Sketches and Notes. By Leonard Simpson. 3 vols. Bentley. 1849.

At the present period, when the literature of Germany is daily becoming a subject of more universal interest, the translation of the Schiller and Körner correspondence is most seasonably afforded to the public.

The work in its original form as it issued from the German press during the course of last year was a somewhat tantalizing boon, of which only those intimately conversant with the German language could receive the benefit, and even the few qualified in this respect for its perusal could not adequately appreciate the value of the work, unaccompanied by any explanatory notes of various personal and critical allusions, without an accurate knowledge of the German literature of that period. The correspondence extends from the year 1784 to 1805, an epoch of unexampled mental illumination in Germany. A valuable desideratum, then, the German student has to thank Mr. Simpson for in his able translation of these letters, rendered in an admirably-correct and idiomatic, yet easy and fluent style, so seldom attained in translating from the German. The work has the additional advantage, moreover, of biographical and literary annotations, serving fully to elucidate the text. A sketch of the life of Schiller up to the period when the correspondence commences is also prefixed.

In these volumes we are presented with a complete and most interesting picture of literary men and manners in Weimar, which, for the varied and brilliant talent which at that time graced it, might justly be styled the Athens of Germany. Through the medium of most entertaining and characteristic anecdotes, we here obtain a more intimate acquaintance with the great men of that day so prolific in master minds. We are introduced alternately to Wieland, the Schlegels, Humboldt, Herder, not excepting the illustrious Goethe, whose "Allumfassender Geist," as Herder styled it, has procured for him an immortal sovereignty in the sphere of song. It is curious to observe the expression of Schiller's sentiment, given forth most unreservedly, as is every other, in his letters to his friend with regard to his great competitor. "Goethe," he says, "has roused within me a most curious mixture of hatred and love, a feeling not unlike that which Brutus and Cassius must have entertained for Cæsar." In another letter :—"This man, this Goethe, is in my way, and reminds me often how hard fate has been upon me ! How tenderly has his genius been nursed by fate, whilst I am still compelled to struggle against it." Schiller's antipathy, at one time arising from admiration which amounted to awe, at another a hatred not unmingled with envy, was, in a great measure, owing to his excessive sensibility and self-mistrust, which, while it prevented him from being content with anything short of the highest excellence, deterred him also from heartily asserting his equality with the mighty mind of Goethe. Through the good offices of Körner, however, who foresaw the benefit that would result to Schiller from the friendship, Goethe and he became as firmly united in their regard as they had before been estranged through aversion ; and when Schiller was suffering, we find Goethe watching over him with almost paternal tenderness ; Goethe being by ten years the senior of Schiller. Besides the insight we obtain into the personal character and private life of his contemporaries, the pervading charm of the work is in the faithful portraiture of Schiller himself ; who pours forth his soul in these revelations to his dearest friend. It is delightful to trace the development of that inner existence of thought and feeling, which is so peculiarly the element in which the poet lives. We are taken into his intimate confidence to behold the unequal contest of genius with unpropitious circumstance, high aspiration and mental vigour with bodily infirmity—the struggle between the poetry and prose of life. This most bitter inward war had Schiller to wage ; nobly and successfully he achieved the conquest. It is not surprising that such sad experiences, acting upon a nature like Schiller's—under any circumstances, perhaps, too sensitive for happiness—should have rendered him somewhat misanthropical in the earlier part of his career. This may be noticed in his almost captious observance of the merest slight or negligence, his some-

times uncourteous contempt of the favour or patronage of grantees, of which some amusing instances are recorded. But to this same over-refinement of heart is to be attributed his amiable remembrance of the favoured few he could alone love, and still recalled with tenderness when courted and caressed by the lions of the day at Weimar. He thus expresses his feelings towards them—"There is no spot in the world where I am so much at home as near you; I brood over our friendship with pleasure, and draw bright pictures of what we are to each other." To all those who may have perused the immortal dramas of "Wallenstein," "Tell," or the more profoundly impassioned "Bride of Messina," it cannot be but peculiarly interesting to trace the striking parallelism between the familiar experiences of the man and the artistic creations of the poet. An instance of this is the mention of his "Don Carlos," page 16th of the first volume.

The interest is by no means monopolised by Schiller's portion of the correspondence. We feel scarcely less admiration for Körner than for his illustrious friend, and the sound sense, good feeling, just views of life and literature, and the profound discriminating criticisms on the great master-pieces of German literature here displayed. At one time we find him advising Schiller to look well after his money, and not to write for the periodicals without good pay, at another not to relinquish his high vocation of poetry for history—uniformly we find his great influence over Schiller happily excited for the advancement of his highest aims in life, and therefore for the benefit of posterity.\*

Although restricted to speaking generally and briefly of the work, our remarks will, we hope, induce our readers to peruse for themselves these volumes, rich in varied entertainment and instruction.

LETTERS ADDRESSED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE COBURG AND GOTHA, on the Theory of Probabilities, as applied to the Moral and Political Sciences. By M. A. Quetelet. Translated from the French by Olinthus Gregory Downes, Esq. London: Charles and Edwin Layton, 1849.

This is a valuable work; evidently the result of long and profound study, of self-meditation, and no common talent. M. Quetelet in his introduction shows us that the subject has been a favourite one with him. He meditated on it, as we meditate on that in which we are sincerely-interested; he has brought equal enthusiasm and ability to his aid, and with singular industry, patience, and perseverance, has prepared a book which will be of essential service to the statesman, the philosopher, the political economist, the jurist, the military and naval commander,—in a word, to all who endeavour to bring science to the aid of their endeavours. Our author's theory is clearly laid before us; his positions are well maintained, and his views ably supported. Ranging over the whole extent of the moral and political sciences, regarded with reference to probabilities, M. Quetelet, after a singularly-interesting introductory chapter, proceeds to discuss the mathematical probability of a simple event; from thence he passes to the probability that an event observed several times in succession will occur again, and so on, until he closes the first part with some remarkable observations on the agreement of the theory with practice. Means and limits, and the question of cause and effect, statistics, next come under his observation. He then proceeds to what, in our opinion, is the important and interesting portion of the subject—namely, statistics, whether they be an art or a science,—in our opinion they are indisputably the latter,—and show the value of the study, as influencing the prosperity and enlightenment of a nation. The theory of probabilities, indeed, it seems to us, must be built on the study of statistics; for probabilities have their origin in experience, and we can only profit by experience by acquiring a full knowledge of the various departments of the science. Population, territory, political position, agricultural, industrial, and commercial conditions, intellectual, moral, and religious. There are statistics in history, in civilisation, in arts, and philosophy, and all these must be deeply studied before we can form a just theory of probabilities; before we can profit by the philosophy it teaches, and mould our future actions by the experience of the past. Within the limits of a notice like the present we of course cannot enter upon the discussion of any of the numerous questions suggested by the perusal of M. Quetelet's work. The reader may, perhaps, be inclined to read the book for himself, and we recommend him to do so if he feel interested in the subject, for he will here find a

\* The son of Schiller's friend and correspondent is that Körner who has rendered the name illustrious by his glorious lyrics of the "Lager und Schwerdt," and yet more glorious death in the war of 1813, for the independence of his country. He is author also of the celebrated "Schwerdt Lied," written two hours before being mortally wounded.

philosophical theory lucidly explained, rendered interesting by excellent illustrative remarks, and valuable by the introduction of curious facts. Mr. Downes, the able translator of the present work, has not, therefore, exaggerated the value of its contents when he remarks, in his modest, and far from useless preface, that "the application of the theory of probabilities to social, political, and moral laws is a matter of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the statesman, the philosopher, and the jurist; and every attempt to simplify such knowledge conduces to the interest of society." The translator observes of M. Quetelet, in speaking of the labour he undertook. "He has been eminently successful in the effort." The task of rendering from the French a work like the present, full of technicalities and expressions difficult to be conveyed in a translation, was in itself sufficiently arduous; and what Mr. Downes observes of his author we may repeat of his own performances—he has been eminently successful. The public is too accustomed to rough and crude versions of foreign works, deteriorated, impaired, and sometimes ruined in their passage into the English language, not to be delighted at meeting with a writer so well fitted to accomplish the task he undertakes. The volume before us has been elegantly and powerfully translated; it has lost little or nothing on its way from the French language to the English; we read it with pleasure, and are never interrupted by the idea frequently occurring to our mind that we are reading a translation. Few books display this merit; few writers perform their task so carefully and so elegantly as Mr. Downes has performed his. The public have to thank him for his services; he has enriched our literature from the stores of those of our neighbours, without detracting from the clearness of expression, the vigour of language, the delicacy of thought, the power of imagery with which M. Quetelet had embellished his valuable work. Compare Mr. Downes's translation with the versions of important and interesting books which are too often mutilated, disfigured, and stripped of their beauty by the wretched scribes who undertake to prepare them for the ordinary English public, and the unusual ability displayed in the present volume will then be apparent. We have to thank Mr. Downes for the careful manner in which he has translated this valuable work, and assure such of our readers who have a wish to peruse it for themselves that they will lose little by reading it in other than the original language.

**DUODECIMO; OR THE SCRIBBLER'S PROGRESS.** An Autobiography, written by an insignificant Little Volume, and likewise published by itself. Newby.

We will glance into the contents of this capital volume, and premising that it is written with much talent, in a sprightly tone, and is pervaded by a very cutting vein of satire, allow our readers to see that such a thing as novelty may still be looked for in literature.

In the first place, the confident Duodecimo enlarges on his own merits, specifies the terms in which he should be praised, and utters a wholesome warning to the press, lest it should be guilty of the presumption of passing it by unnoticed. A good beginning; for if we do not speak well of ourselves, who will?

Secondly, the Duodecimo describes how his father (the author) conceived the idea of executing the work, and how he commenced his task. In the next place, he enlarges on sundry literary matters, and bestows a few more hits on various peculiarities in the genus of *littérateurs*. Then, having depicted his infancy, he tells us how the books in his father's library had a meeting, and how countless authors, ancient and modern, spoke out from amid their musty and thumbed, or uncut leaves, some stating their opinions of things in general—some bewailing their ill usage by the world. Here is an excellent satire upon the "puffing" system which degrades our critical literature. An historical novel, swelling with pride and anger, thus expresses his indignation, when the author of "Waverley" is mentioned as entitled to deference as a writer of fiction:—

"With regard to myself, for example, the way in which I have been spoken of by authorities, whom I shall take the liberty of quoting, ought to put me at once on a footing with 'Waverley,' 'Ivanhoe,' the 'Antiquary,' and the whole of that grasping and monopolising family. I will beg the attention of the company to the following paragraph selected from a dozen of the like nature:—

"'Ferdinand Count Schwellingsbach. A Tale of the Slavonic Race.—We welcome with delight this new proof of the genius of the author of "Baptists, or the Traitor's Grave." It is indeed an unlooked-for accession to the stores of romantic fiction with which our literature happily abounds. In it we find the broad and genial humour of Fielding, the cutting sarcasm of Smollett, and the deep tone of feeling and sentiment which pervades the works of Sterne; the whole worked up with a power which is only displayed at intervals in the splendid fictions of Scott, and a sunny gleaminess which is only seen streaming over the pages of Avon's bard.'—*Stickfast Mercury*."

In the next place—but here we must stop, with an apology to our readers for having promised to accompany them through this delightfully amusing volume; we find the task within our limits impossible of accomplishment, and can only say further, that as the book begins it continues and ends—that is to say, *well*. We recommend the volume to such of our readers who may be looking for something to occupy a lazy hour. It is just the thing for that purpose. It may be taken up and laid down, and taken up again over and over, and there is plenty in it to satisfy the mind hungry for entertainment. The author possesses much ability, and we desire few things of the kind more than to meet him again in print.

**AN HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF CEYLON AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.** By Charles Pridham, Esq., B.A., F.R.G.S. Author of "History of Mauritius." T. and W. Boone.

We have to notice the second series of a work in which Mr. Pridham is laudably engaged, with the design of furnishing a more correct and useful account of the history, politics, and statistics of the British Colonies. He selected for his first effort the island of Mauritius, and the diligence and research which were then exhibited augured well for the continuance of so important a subject. In the present instance, Mr. Pridham's efforts have been equally successful; and "Ceylon and its Dependencies" may be considered as a valuable acquisition towards a more definite and accurate information on our colonial settlements.

To gain an intimate acquaintance with its most distant and least important, as well as its largest and nearer dependencies, is the duty of every government—the strength of every nation. As the wealth, and, consequently, the power of Great Britain is so materially connected with the prosperity of her colonies, it becomes her legislators more especially to instruct themselves in the condition and resources of her foreign empire; and we are glad to see that there is a more liberal spirit infused into the tone of colonial legislation, and that the rights of those who have left their native land to seek a new home in distant shores are receiving a more impartial attention than was formerly the case. Another pleasant picture is, to observe how the institutions of this country, introduced into newly-required districts, irresistibly destroy the superstitious of ages, and, without violence, subvert the establishments of the oldest kingdoms in the world.

The History of Ceylon fully testifies to this—an island possessing more than a proportionate share of fertility of soil and beauty of climate, with picturesque mountains and rocks, overhung with luxuriant creepers, and extensive verdant plains intersected with glassy streams. Here flourish the coffee, nutmeg, talipot, the bread tree, orange, pomegranate, fig, quava, mango,—here the pearl-fishing is carried on to a large extent, and some of the finest pearls are to be found on its coasts. It has been enriched with all the advantage that nature could bestow upon it; insomuch that by the natives it is sometimes supposed to be the site of the ancient Paradise. But it was not until the power of the British exercised a salutary restriction upon the anarchy of the internal governments, and the influence of British customs and institutions was fully felt, that the resources of this island began to be brought out. Little has been yet done, but time will render it one of the most productive and valuable as well as most healthy of our Indian acquisitions.

Mr. Pridham has treated the subject of the history of the country with great care and attention, unravelling the knots of fiction which adorn eastern literature and perplex western commentators. We could have wished that the history had been abridged. The matter which is contained, and the remarks that are made, might, in our opinion, have been condensed, and a greater effect given to the whole. To make a work practically useful, it is also necessary to make it adapted to the generality of readers, or else it becomes a sealed book. There is one fault we have to find with the preface, and which was noticed previously in his former work on the Mauritius; Mr. Pridham, having in his view some author unknown to us, endeavours to impress his readers with the idea that no work on statistics is equally worthy with his own. This is unfair. The public should be left unbiassed to judge impartially. However, we recommend the book, and hope that the fault we have alluded to (we mean "prolixity") will in any future work be carefully avoided, as serving rather to render it tedious, and therefore less useful, than we could wish to see it become.

**A HAND-BOOK OF BRITISH FERNS;** Intended as a Guide and Companion in Fern Culture, &c. &c. By Thomas Moore. With engravings. Groombridge and Son.

We can recommend this little book as complete in its kind. It is useful, well-arranged,

and plainly written, treating with explanatory minuteness of the culture of the fern. The volume is exceedingly interesting. It will be useful to those who already understand the subject, as containing the experience of a distinguished gardener and member of the Botanical Society of London; and it will induce many who have hitherto paid no attention to the subject to cultivate a knowledge of a beautiful plant. The book is the result of perfect knowledge and much ability. We recommend it to all those whose pursuits are in any way connected with the culture of the earth.

**GLENNY'S HAND-BOOK TO THE FLOWER GARDEN AND SHRUBBERY.** Charles Cox.

This serial, which will be completed in twelve monthly parts, is likely from its useful nature, its cheapness, and the judicious language in which so much valuable and interesting information is conveyed, to enjoy a widely-extended success. It has indeed a better chance of popularity than the volume we have just noticed, for thousands will read it who will not read the other. It is a complete manual of gardening operations for the year, and as such deserves no little praise. Its author's name is sufficient guarantee for the correctness of facts, and his reputation for the manner of handling the subject is too widely extended to need a word on the subject here. "Glenny's Hand-book to the Flower Garden, Shrubberrry, and Greenhouse" should be in the possession of every one who applies to the cultivation of flowers, fruits, and vegetables.

**I. THE GREAT PYRAMID. II. THE ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT PYRAMID.** Drawn by M. Perlotti. Colnaghi and Co., Pall-mall.

These are two magnificent lithographs, which, for boldness of execution, delicacy, and beauty, surpass anything of the kind we remember to have seen. M. Perlotti is an artist of no common ability—a fact which any one may be assured of who glances at the present lithographs. The first, representing the gigantic pyramid of Ghizeh, presents to our view the towering monuments of the ancient kings, standing alone, extending from end to end of the plate, and rearing its mighty outline against a sky of warm blue, across which a drift of white cloud is floating, partly obscured from view by the giant mass of masonry, from which there is nothing in the plate to draw away our attention. The whole is singularly beautiful, and affords an excellent idea of the pyramid, which the artist in March, 1848, measured exactly from base to summit. Those who have travelled in Egypt, and wish to preserve something which may recal it to them; and those who have not, and wish to obtain something from which they may derive a knowledge of its chief attractions, will do well to possess themselves of the present splendid pair of lithographs, whose exquisite beauty in outline and colouring do credit to the artist.

The second drawing, which represents the entrance of the great pyramid, is equally striking, though, perhaps, less beautiful. A traveller, who conversed with us on the merits of the plate, bore testimony to the delicate minuteness with which the very detail had been given. It recalled his own visit to his mind; and this, perhaps, when we say that the drawing is finely executed, is the best praise which could be bestowed on it. M. Perlotti will acquire an honourable reputation by these drawings, which, in fact, are singularly beautiful.

**POLITICAL PRINCIPLES AND POLITICAL CONSISTENCY.** By "Plain Facts." John Ollivier, London.

All men are imbued with impressions—few form opinions. They are open to the reception of truth, but the difficulty is to find it. A question arises, and man seeks information for the guidance of his judgment, but unhappily he seldom meets with but those who are prejudiced upon the subject; hence the writer who having mastered the details steps forward to lay down his deductions and unfold the result is one to whom society owes a debt of gratitude. Such is the author of the lucid and well-written work before us. He has entered into the principles of right and wrong, and has evidently calculated with mathematical nicety the data of human misrule and oppression. Views such as his have been entertained; but courage has been lacking on one side to enunciate them and honesty on the other to put them in operation. "Plain Facts" oversteps both barriers. He speaks out on the great questions of principle and consistency, and by the employment of his pen practically pioneers the way for their enforcement. He may himself possess all the fallibility of our species; but his notions are right, and could an act be framed to render his treatise the text-book for political conduct there is no doubt but that innumerable existing evils would become ameliorated. He is the "looker-on" of a game, and sees more than the players.

The object of the work, as its author himself informs us, is to show what political consistency really ought to imply, and what should be the principles which ought to guide



the conduct of a good statesman. In developing his opinions he throws party aside altogether, and argues upon the broad basis of expediency—not the expediency that tends to serve a temporary purpose or serve the views of a sect, but the well-grounded expediency on which may be reared the elements of future and permanent good. He disclaims altogether the dogmas of class, and argues that as human affairs are continually changing, and the progress of civilisation giving rise to new scenes and circumstances the good and patriotic statesman should act with perfect independence, and legislate according to the new ideas, the new wishes, and the new wants of the great mass of the intelligent portion of the people. This to every liberal mind is self-evident; but so long as self-interest forms the motive power of individual action the dictum will be combated and rejected. To prove the fallacy of a contrary course he sweeps the page of history, and furnishes us with examples which carry conviction, simply because they cannot be denied. He begins with the political principles of Cato, who held, with the bigotted and enthusiastic yet philosophical stoics, that a wise man should never forgive, repent, alter his mind, nor be moved to anger, favour, or pity. What were the consequences to that statesman? He lost friendship and perpetuated enmity; hastened the ruin he might have averted, and ultimately became his own slayer rather than alter his philosophy. Our author then enters into the widely-different policy of Cicero, and proceeds to show that the principles of the stoics of ancient Rome are not yet extinct. The instances he adduces assume the form of narrative and the importance of history, and will be perused with interest, shadowing out as they do the obscure elements of the first French Revolution and adding light, step by step, until the causes of that of February, 1848, are placed in the full blaze of truth. Having duly narrated these mighty struggles in the asserted cause of freedom, he proceeds to inquire what liberty really means, and answers that it "consists in being able to do all *that* which does not injure others," an interpretation that will be accepted by every unbiassed mind. He next discusses the famous "Declaration of Rights," and lays bare with a masterly hand the bloody and jesuitical policy which lurked beneath. In juxtaposition with these principles is given the definition by Lord Bolingbroke of what constitutes a "wise minister;" together with the magnificent reflections of Burke upon true liberty. These are well placed, and are calculated to elevate the sentiments of even narrow-minded men.

The topic next introduced is the all-absorbing one of the principles of *Religious Freedom*, as applied to the removal of Jewish disabilities, and the admission of Jews into Parliament. The opinions of the writer on this head—backed as they are by those of Burke—are well worth a careful perusal. It is unnecessary for us to enter upon the subject, but we cannot refrain from giving the sentiments to which we refer our unqualified accordance. The God of the Jew is the God of the Christian. To the Jew we are indebted for the fundamental principles of all good laws, and even for the very language of our prayers. True, he has not progressed with the Gentile in matters of creed, because he takes his stand at the sacred boundary-stone of his forefathers; but in all other things he goes hand in hand with us in the great march of improvement. Point out the way, and he will advance wherever social ascendancy is to be gained; but approach his conscience on things divine, and he points to the prophet's page where all he desires to know has been already unfolded; and with a faith built on the rock of ages he bids us hold our peace. Is this the man to whom we prefer the maw-worm and the free-thinker? Away with such an outrage upon common sense! The very scruples which keep him a Jew are testimonials to his qualifications for becoming an honest legislator.

Having discussed the above important question, "Plain Facts" next proceeds with an intelligible and well-written development of the political principles of Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell, and concludes by proving the evils of bad government to be chiefly if not entirely the effects of party. The remedial suggestions in which he indulges will well repay perusal; and we cannot close our brief notice without recommending the book to the perusal of every man desirous of acquiring just notions on political science.

INCE'S OUTLINES OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE. INCE'S OUTLINES OF FRENCH HISTORY.  
 INCE'S OUTLINES OF ENGLISH HISTORY. James Gilbert, London.

These are three nice little small-priced works, for the use of schools. The first is a new edition with improvements; the other two now appear for the first time. Works intended for the menteculture of the young are sure to meet our approval when properly deserving it; and in the present instance we feel inclined to extend the usual limit of our remarks in favour of the lucid and well-arranged books which Mr. Ince has issued for the rising generation. We could not forbear a smile on glancing over their con-

tents, at the recollection of the sundry fat quartos and huge folios through which in boyhood we were obliged to wade for the acquirement of a less amount of information than is here presented within a space of three hundred pages, and which comprise the contents of the three books. The "Outlines of Knowledge," carefully perused, is calculated to instruct any lad of common intelligence on every known topic of importance, and to start him in life with a mind stored with the accumulated learning of six thousand years. The French History is embellished with some capital cuts, and abounds in the narration of those romantic events which form the groundwork of so many delightful tales in fiction. The "England" is a little *Rapin* in its way; it is *Hume* condensed into a nutshell; and we feel assured will, with its companion works, form the future text-book of the young of both sexes.

**THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; or How to Live, and What to Live For. With Practical Remarks on Health, Diet, and Longevity.** By a Physician. Kent and Richards.

The chief inquiry of the present age is into first principles, and this is the secret of civilisation. In remote periods the thirst for knowledge was confined to but few; the mass was satisfied with effects, and sought not to develop causes. Hence the extraordinary contrast of the mightiest intellect on one side, and the most barbarous ignorance on the other. To this, also, is to be attributed that despotism with which rulers and learned men swayed the multitude. Their acquirements enabled them to work the strings of society unseen, and they received credit for powers which had no existence. The healer was a divinity in earthly guise; the trickster a magician; and the man of learning a sage and a philosopher. With such blind notions, mankind made no difficulty in giving up their frames to the leech, their actions to the wizard, and their opinions to the political charlatan, and thus was the world kept in bondage. Society was in the dark, and knew not its way through the intricacies of life; a few readers were selected as guides, and these conducted but to enslave or betray. For this there appeared no remedy. Knowledge was a sealed book to all but a favoured few, intellect was limited in its gifts, and the people of earth had nothing to do but to submit.

The spell created by Faust broke through the gloom, and enfranchised a world. He framed the press, and secrecy became no longer silent. The hidden truths of ages were now revealed; the ungifted had the gifts of others poured into their minds; the ignorant were taught; the credulous protected against imposition. The bond became free, the rude civilised, and the sons of earth, with a shout of triumph, fell into rank, and commenced that mighty march which has rendered the nineteenth century the most distinguished and illustrious in the history of the world, and carried improvement to the very verge of perfection. The work before us is one of those emanations of the press to which mankind owes some of its most important information on first principles, and which will prove a boon to the human race. Its contents treat literally upon its title, and reveal, in simple and unmistakable language, "The Science of Life." The author has preferred the adoption of a familiar style, suitable for general readers, to that of abstruse technicality only to be understood by professional men; and hence his little book will be read with delight and instruction by hundreds who would otherwise throw it aside without profit. He is a moralist and a philosopher; yet does not burden his pages with "wise saws and modern instances." What he says is pleasantly and tersely expressed, and the remarks he thus introduces on conduct, and the miraculous in nature, possess a relish which it would be well if many a ponderous tome could boast. On the subjects of diet and the regulation of the functions, the advice throughout is most valuable, and we have no hesitation in affirming, that were the precepts of this little duodecimo put into universal practice, the province of the physician and of the priest would be considerably lightened; while long life would not only be insured, but attended with health and the truest of happiness.

The following extract will furnish an idea of the style, purposes, and value of the work, which we cordially recommend to all who require the instruction it contains:—

"Life is a *Principle*, and MAN a *Fact*; the one a denizen of Eternity, and the other of Time—the latter attesting the existence of the former. In the composition of man there is nothing but earth and air; but, animate and instinct as they are with his breath, they are of no further note than as forming the materials of a casket. We daily add to the bulk; and a portion of that bulk is hourly passing away. The food that maintains us is dust, and to dust we eventually return.

"It is thus apparent that Man, as a mere animal, is but of temporary importance. If he be afflicted, it is but *dust* that suffers; and he may always calculate upon the aid of death. Thus the bitterness of existence is but brief; felicity itself is fleeting; and

when we lay down our ashes, it appears to be of little import whether in this world we wept or smiled, for the dust that remains is insensible to its own loss.

"But why this continued reproduction of species, when the formation of creatures for an unlimited tenure might have been as easily effected, and thus perpetuity of enjoyment entailed? Why do the particles acquired in later life decay, instead of coming with the early freshness of youth—each new acquisition redolent of health, instead of musty of the tomb? Existence would then have been worth a struggle. The happiness that was to last would be worth attaining; while the pain that, uncured, would have no end, would have then been intolerable, and worth any sacrifice for the removal. The man who now sits under his misfortunes as irreparable would be 'up and doing' to remove them; and the human race, finding it could not kill, would co-operate in the constitution of a state of perfect and lasting harmony! Why, then, we repeat, were generations necessary, when the early inhabitants of earth might have lived on till now, and effected all that has been hitherto done?

"The answer is clear:—WE LIVE FOR A LIFE HEREAFTER. As dust becomes flesh, so spirit becomes soul; and the first breath with which the Creator quickened the first clay partook of its procreative powers. Such are the means He takes to people His own sphere with a community destined beyond a doubt to share everlasting bliss; hence the object of existence should be to aid in carrying out His divine and inscrutable intentions, so as to prove us worthy of partaking in the final reward. In this one fact the metaphysics of theology blend, and all our duties are fully explained. He who renders himself a worthy recruit for the ranks of eternity; who enlists fresh soldiers, and who aids to smooth the path of those engaged in the same service, fulfils the purposes of creation. In this world HEALTH, CHEERFULNESS, and SOCIAL HARMONY are the products of such fulfilment.

"These considerations naturally conduct us to the concluding part of our subject:—'WHAT TO LIVE FOR.' The main objects of existence remain to be pointed out—the means of their attainment have still to be detailed.

"Our first step towards securing happiness is the cultivation of INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY, which enables us to judge for ourselves and others; to reap and exchange mental benefits; to distinguish between right and wrong, to adopt advantages as they offer, and to promote that cheerfulness which will best sustain us through our earthly pilgrimage.

"The next essential towards the attainment of the objects of life is PHYSICAL CONDITION. This produces *Health and Strength*; the first fitting us for our gratifications and duties—the second for our labours.

"Another and glorious aim is THE CULTIVATION OF THE AFFECTIONS, and the REGULATION OF THE PASSIONS, by which we acquire the esteem of others, and establish on a small scale that sympathy, harmony, and social consideration which in an advanced state will become general."

These are observations which neither the man of science, the divine, nor the sage will attempt to rebut; and when we say that the same tone and spirit of intelligence, pervades throughout, and gives lucidity to the medical information imparted in the pages of the work, it is unnecessary for us to add a single word beyond saying, that the treatise begins by informing us of the principles of organisation; goes on to explain the operation of the functions; and concludes by teaching us so to regulate the frame and its powers as to ensure a lengthened existence.